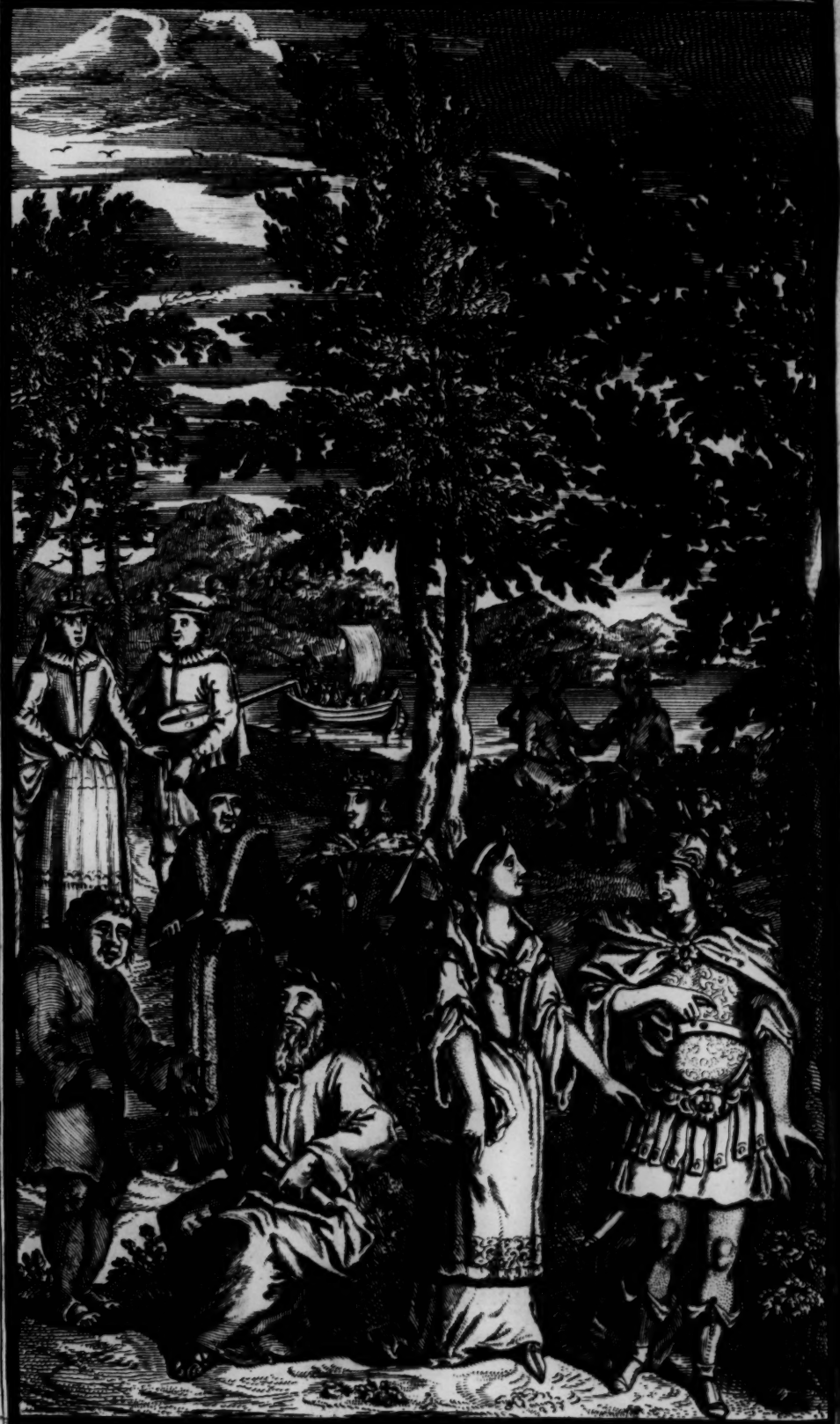






FONTENELLE'S
DIALOGUES
OF THE
DEAD,

IN THREE PARTS.

- I. Dialogues of the ANTIENTS.
- II. The ANTIENTS with the MODERNS.
- III. The MODERNS.

Translated from the *French*, by Mr. HUGHES.

With a Reply to some Remarks in a Critique,
call'd *The Judgment of Pluto*, &c.
And Two Original DIALOGUES.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and are to be Sold by W. TAYLOR,
at the *Ship* and *Black-Swan*, in *Pater-Noster-*
Row. MDCCXXI.

ROYALTY
DIALOGUES

OF THE

D. F. A. D.

IN THE P. R. S.

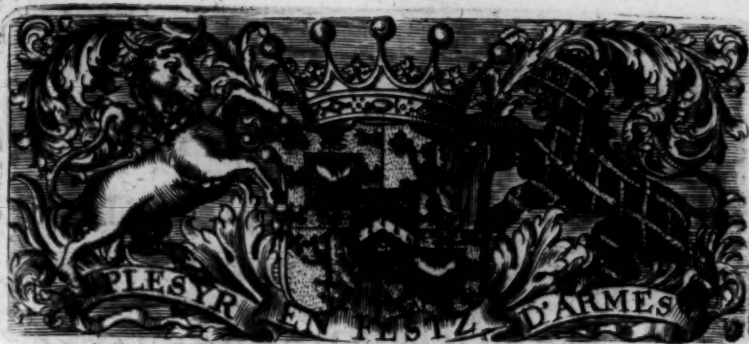
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To the Right Honourable
T H O M A S
Earl of Wharton,

*Viscount Winchindon, and Baron Wharton
of Wharton, Lord Chief Justice and Ju-
stice in Eyre of all Her Majesty's Forests,
Parks and Chaces, on the South-side
Trent, and one of the Lords of Her
Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council.*

My LORD,

TH E greatest Mark
of Respect we can
shew to an ingeni-
ous Stranger, upon his Arri-
val here, is to introduce him

A 2 to

ii DEDICATION.

to Persons in the first Esteem,
for their Quality, Judgment,
and genteel Learning among
us: 'Tis with this Regard I do
Monsieur *Fontenelle*, and my
self, the Honour to present
him to Your Lordship, who
are not unacquainted with
the Recommendations he
brings from his Native Coun-
try, and are so entire a Lover
of Your own, as not to be
displeas'd to see him in a
British Habit, tho' perhaps it
is not put on with the best
Grace. I had, indeed, no
other way to repair the Beau-
ty which my Unskilfulness
may have taken from him,
but by adding to him the
Orna-

DEDICATION. iii

Ornament of so Illustrious a Patron.

And I appeal to all the World who know my Author's Character, whether I cou'd have made a more proper Application. His Wit, his Learning, his Knowledge of Mankind, his exquisite Taste in all that is Polite, the Fire of his Imagination, the uncommon Felicity of his Eloquence, and the ready Turn of his Expression, are Reasons which the Publick will think very natural to direct me in this Address to Your Lordship. And since my particular Obligations have made it a Duty, I cou'd not omit

iv *DEDICATION.*

any Opportunity of acknowledging Your Lordship's Favours, which are attended with all the Circumstances proper to leave the most grateful Impressions.

That Easiness of Access, that stedfast Thought, vigorous Pursuit, and speedy Execution, which in Your Lordship are observ'd to be of so high a Consequence to the Publick, serve likewise to double the private Benefits You are pleas'd to bestow. It appears wonderful to those who are permitted to put their Affairs under Your Lordship's Patronage, that they see themselves even excus'd from
the

DEDICATION. v

the Care of being their own Sollicitors ; and certainly 'tis the most ennobl'd Humanity of a great Mind, to pursue its own Pleasures in assisting the Fortunes and Happiness of others.

But particular Acknowledgments are inconsiderable, in comparison to the Thanks of a Kingdom, which are due for that Honourable Part Your Lordship had in effecting the late *Happy* UNION, by which we are made so secure at home, and so firm in Power, as to give just Apprehension to those, who have always endeavour'd, by encreasing our Divisions, to weaken Us. It

vi *DEDICATION.*

It is owing to the Wisdom of those Supream Councils in which Your Lordship Assists, that while the War is kept at a Distance, we are privileg'd to pursue, undisturb'd, the agreeable Arts and Refinements of Peace. I hope the little Traffick I have made, in importing these Pieces of Entertainment from the Enemy's Country, will be thought a Pleasure no less allowable than that of Drinking their Wines; and if they have the Honour of being approv'd by Your Lordship's Taste, it is the best Security I wish
for

DEDICATION. vii

for their Success, and for
the Reputation of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Oblig'd and

most Dutiful Servant,

John Hughes.

DEDICATION

for the use of the
the Republic of

My Lord

James O'Connell

of the County of

and County of

John Hughes

PREFACE.

THE extraordinary Applause which these Dialogues have always obtain'd, among the best Judges, and the Satisfaction. I often had in reading 'em, gave me, long since, the Curiosity to enquire if they had ever been Translated; I found they had, and that it was their particular Misfortune, soon after they had made their Reputation in *France*, to have it spoil'd, as much as it cou'd be, by the very worst of Copiers here, who so insufferably degraded 'em, both in the Sense and Style, by false Constructions and bad *English*, that, among the many Admirers of Monsieur *Fontenelle*, 'tis strange no body has sooner rescu'd him from such ill Hands, and vindicated both his Credit, and that of our Language. If I have fail'd in the Attempt, yet I have given Opportunity enough to those who,

who, if they pleas'd, might have succeeded better, for most of this has been done above six Years; by which the Reader may judge, that I have not been very hasty in exposing it. I wish those Gentlemen who have now thought it worth appearing, wou'd have corrected its Faults, or cou'd as easily cover 'em from others, as they seem willing to excuse 'em themselves.

But when I consider what the greater Part of Translations are, I shall not wonder if this meet with a common Share of Favour; the World is so good-natur'd as to receive some kindly, with very little Reason. 'Tis well indeed we do not always enquire into our Pleasures, unless we were sure not to lose 'em. And whoever dares attack vulgar Opinion, may venture to say, it has not happen'd ill to the Reputation of one of our most fam'd Translators of Prose, and Masters of the *English* Language, that his Copies have but seldom been examin'd with their Originals.

I know a great many look on Translating as the easiest thing in the World, especially from Modern Languages; but with-

without troubling the Reader with what I think the Rules of a good Translation, I will only desire him to distinguish between Writings of meer Story or Memoirs, and Pieces of Wit, and to allow that there is something at least of Art in imitating well the latter. There is no great Difficulty in tracing exactly a common Plan of Building, or a Draught of Fortification, which may be done by the Compasses and Ruler; but to Copy a Landskip of *Salvator Rosa*, and keep his Colouring, and the Manner and Freedom of his Pencil, demands not only some degree of Judgment but of Fancy too.

There is, perhaps, somewhat more in this Simile; for a Language may properly be compar'd to Colours, and if the Painter has bad to work with, he can only do his best with 'em, the Copy will be unequal, and not by his Fault; and this is the Case in many Translations from the Antients: But if his Colours are equally good, and he fail, 'tis thro' Want of Judgment in applying 'em. Now, I must own, I love my native Language well enough, to believe that its Colours are at least equal to those
of

of any Modern one; tho', in the Style of Gallantry, the courtly *French* be allow'd to have some peculiar Felicities, not easie to be touch'd in another.

And this has led me into the Character of Monsieur *Fontenelle*, who is a wonderful Master of the most distinguishing gallant Manner of any Writer that is known, not excepting a very polite Man of the same Nation, who liv'd among us. In all his Writings he chooses the Style and Air of Conversation, and nowhere appears with the Formality of an Author; which makes him particularly Entertaining, and is no small part of his Excellence, since few are so reasonable as to content themselves with being instructed, if they are not pleas'd. 'Tis a Secret almost wholly his own, to say the most extraordinary things so carelessly, as if he were scarce sensible he had said any thing uncommon. He has a Wit which gives to every Subject the most agreeable and surprizing Turns in the World. The Edge of his Satyr is fine; he always preserves his good Humour; his Mirth has ever something solid, and his most judicious Reflections are mix'd with Pleasantry.

†

'Tis

'Tis this free and pleasant Genius, that, in his *Plurality of Worlds*, taught him to deliver, in a genteel Conversation with a Lady, the most exalted Notions of the Modern Philosophy, a Master-piece of Wit, and particularly admir'd by Sir *William * Temple*, a Gentleman who declar'd himself so passionately fond of the Antients, as to have but few Commendations to spare for any Modern, either of his own Nation or any other. But tho' in those Discourses *Fontenelle* has admirably beautify'd the Discoveries and Reasonings he borrow'd from others, yet it must be observ'd, that in his Dialogues the Materials are more his own.

As for the Design of 'em, he sufficiently explains it in his Letter to *Lucian*. He took the Project, as he owns, from that celebrated *Greek Wit*, to whose Reputation he pays a grateful Honour. But how modestly soever he thought it decent to speak of himself, it may be here said by another, to do him Justice, that he has refin'd upon his Predecessor.

Lucian

* *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning.*

Lucian laughs too loud, is often licentious, and sometimes coarse in his Raillery: He has not thought it sufficient to make his Dead reason, but they scold too, and are ready to fight in the Presence of *Jupiter* himself. Thus *Hercules*, for Instance, and *Esculapius* are disputing the upper Place at the Banquet of the Gods. *Hercules* calls *Esculapius* pitiful Quack; & other returns the Civility with such smart Language, that the brawny Hector, in a Fury, threatens his Brother Demi-God to fling him, for a foul-mouth'd Villain, out of Heav'n, and dash his Brains out, in spite of his Immortality. To prevent which, *Jupiter* commands 'em to be quiet, or he'll turn 'em both from Table, and asks a Question which *Lucian* himself ought to have consider'd, viz. Whether this be decent, or like a Banquet of the Gods?

Before I conclude this Preface, I wou'd willingly defend my Author from some of the Cavils of a Critique of his own Nation, in a Piece call'd *Jugement de Pluton*, &c. which has been more read than perhaps it deserves, by its having the Fortune to be commonly bound up, in *French*, with the Dialogues. The Author thought

it

it prudent to conceal himself ; but the Copy was convey'd to *Fontenelle's* Book-feller, who wou'd not Print it without his Permission, which occasion'd a Letter from him to this Effect.

You inform me of several Critiques writ upon me. I think my self much honour'd by 'em; and if they come to your Hands, and you believe it worth your Cost, print 'em all; for I'll make no use of the Power you give me of suppressing 'em. I ne'er pretended to a faultless Work; and if those Critiques are not abusive, 'tis all I desire.

The genteel Carelessness of this Letter, and the Freedom from Vanity, which appears in the Writer, exemplifies that fine Remark in one of his Dialogues, That *Men of Wit shou'd be superior to their own Talent.* There is a quite contrary Air in the Judgment of *Pluto*; and, in my Opinion, there is not much to be fear'd from the Reflections of a Gentleman who thinks fit to preface 'em with such a Declaration as this: *I wou'd undertake, as lazy as I am, to critique all the Books that are made, and yet have time enough left to be idle still.* And he finds it some-
a thing

thing hard to give a Reason why he writ at all——*'Tis not to oppose the Success of the Dialogues——'Tis not to shew there are Faults——'Tis not to insinuate that he cou'd mend 'em*——What is it then?——Why, he can't very well tell——'Twas Monsieur, his Patron, oblig'd him to write, and 'twas to do a Favour to the Author of the Dialogues, who, it seems, had been rudely handl'd in a frivolous Manuscript, so that upon this Account 'twas thought proper and civil to write something or other, that shou'd be *more Severe, but less Abusive*. Yet whether this Gentleman does not, in many Instances, deserve to be rank'd among those harmless Criticks, *qui ne critiquent Rien*, to use his own Expression, and who are like People that talk a great deal, yet say nothing, let the Reader judge by some of his Remarks which I shall mention, for 'tis not worth while to take notice of 'em all.

I must first observe that his Critique is an arrant Romance, and begins, as they all do, with a Surprise, and a Description. *The Dead are in the utmost Confusion. All forsake their different Quarters. Hero's and Whores are mingl'd together, Princes*

Princes and Philosophers, and without any Distinction of Quality or Precedence; which you'll say is strange among the Dead, and who so fit as a *French Critick* to adjust it? *Pluto*, therefore, to be reveng'd of the Book that occasion'd this Disorder, holds a *Quorum* with his two Brother Judges to try the Dialogues, and tho' he is own'd to be no nice Discerner in the Matter before him, he summons all Parties concern'd to bring in their Complaints.

I suppose this Author's Case was something like that of a Poet I have heard of, who writ a Play for the sake of a good Story, and a smart Jest he had got to put in it. Why all this Pomp else and Embellishment, this Garnish of Fable and Episode, about a few Critical Remarks? It gives him, indeed, an Occasion to exercise his Wit, but makes him a very loose Reasoner; so that a Turn of Fancy often supplies the Want of an Argument, according to the commodious manner of most Criticks, who do not always condescend to make good their Objections, but think it enough that they have started 'em.

Cato is first introduc'd demanding Justice; his Death is somewhat severely examin'd in the Dialogue between *Adrian* and *Margaret of Austria*, the Subject of which is to enquire what Deaths are the most Philosophical, and *Cato's* Behaviour, and *Adrian's* are compar'd and censur'd for being both faulty in the two Extreams; so that 'tis not very material to know, whether *Cato* or *Adrian* better acted the Philosopher, if they were both in the wrong, and there is no ground for his Remark, that *Cato and Adrian are made to exchange their Characters*: Nor for that foolish Question, *Whether in order to make a decent Exit, a Hero must make Verses, or a Maid bewail her Virginity?* This is wide of the Moral, and he might as well ask whether 'twou'd be Heroick for a Man to Dance upon the Scaffold, where he is to be broke upon the Wheel, which the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* says a Footman did in *France*, and mentions that as an Instance of some who have appear'd to despise Death.

But there is another Question more material, *Where is the Respect due to Antiquity,*

tiqumty, and why must its Hero's be degraded? This hangs much in his Head, and he often repeats it afterwards; therefore, once for all, what signifies Respect to Antiquity, when we wou'd discover Truth? Is *Cato's* Death the more commendable in it self, because it has had the Applause of the Majority for seventeen hundred Years, and is it impossible that the Majority shou'd be (as they often are) in the wrong? 'Twou'd be more proper to enquire what the Few of better Sense think of *Cato's* Death, for such will not acquit him, because 'twas long ago, or because the Action has been greatly told, if it cannot be found agreeable to Reason— And if that had govern'd *Cato*, he certainly had not kill'd himself, but had subdu'd his furlly Temper, and accepted *Cesar's* Pardon, tho' it had spoil'd a fine Story for the Tragedians.

To speak seriously, I cannot see any ill Consequence in degrading such a Death, or stripping it of its false Bravery; for, what is there in the Example that is useful? These *Roman* Strains were only the Effect of a Bastard Virtue; not the Fortitude of a Hero, but the Cowardise of an uneasie Spirit that cou'd bear Life no longer,

longer, when attended with Disappointment; or the Rashness and Passion of a Gamester, that throws up the Cards when he ought to play out the Game. And, indeed, of all voluntary Deaths, tho' none certainly are justifiable, I shou'd rather prefer that of *Pomponius Atticus*, a *Roman* Gentleman, whose Character, tho' extreamly valuable, has not been so noted as many of more publick Action, and who, upon the Principles of a Philosopher, appears to have acted with much more Serenity than *Cato*. He was near Fourscore when he was seiz'd with a Distemper, which encreasing for three Months grew extreamly painful: He had treated it with variety of Medicines, but finding 'twas in vain, he sent for two or three of his Friends, and, as *Cornelius Nepos*, who was acquainted with him, relates, he spoke to 'em in this manner, " You are my Witnesses that I have done " what is possible for a Man to do to recover his Health; therefore having given " you, I hope, Satisfaction, it remains, " that I tell you, I will nourish my Distemper no longer; and I conjure you not " to endeavour to dissuade me from my " fix'd Resolution, which is to take no " more Food, since 'tis but to protract my " Life

“ Life in Pain, without the Probability of
 “ a Cure.— He spoke this, the Hi-
 storian says, with such a firm Voice,
 as if he were not quitting Life, but on-
 ly passing out of one House into ano-
 ther. His Son-in-Law *Agrippa* kiss'd
 him, and with Tears begg'd him to al-
 ter his Purpose; he gave him no Answer,
 but persisting in what he had decreed,
 in about five Days put an end to a Life,
 which was become burthensom to him-
 self, and incapable of further Usefulness
 to his Friends.

But this degrading the Hero's of An-
 tiquity is, it seems, a Crime which runs
 thro' our Author's whole Book, and
 where's the Wonder? since the very End
 of Writing it was to unmasque Cha-
 racters, to disrobe counterfeit Virtue,
 and attack common Opinion and Pre-
 possessions. The Critick's Zeal for *Cato*
 made him try that Cause first; but he
 has not overlook'd the Affront, which in
 the Beginning is offer'd to *Alexander* the
 Great: The Author of the Dialogues,
 says he, *has learn'd from his Master*
Lucian not to respect what the World com-
monly respects. A heavy Charge! for
Lucian had attack'd *Alexander* before,

and it is thought barbarous that *Fontenelle* shou'd bring him into Play again, and, which is worse, make a Lady of Pleasure read him Lectures *of the Art of War*.

Now I will own he's a great Discoverer that can learn by that Dialogue how to form a Siege, or make the Disposition of an Army, or shew that *Phrine*, as he affirms, *understands War as if she had been bred in the Camp*. 'Tis understood then in three or four Words; for all she says of it is, *That his Officers and Soldiers, and Fortune it self, had a Share in his Conquests, and that if he had only subdu'd Greece, and a few Islands, or part of Asia, he had ne'er been nois'd about for so mighty a Conqueror*. But *Phrine* insults Alexander, and pretends to regulate the number of his Conquests, and this is thought unnatural. As if it were strange to imagine, that a Lady of her Character shou'd be brisk at Repartée; and, for the counselling Part, if the Author had given her more Politicks than he has, she wou'd not be the only Miss of Quality that has prescrib'd Measures to a Monarch, with the Name of GREAT; and therefore for his Remark *that Phrine shou'd*

shou'd not meddle beyond her own Trade,
let him try if he can make it pass in a
Whisper at the Chambers of *Versailles*,
or the *Louvre*.

In Truth there is not one Word in
that Dialogue relating to War as an
Art, but only to the extravagant Con-
duct of a Man that disturb'd the whole
Earth in Pursuit of a false Glory; the
Decorum therefore is exact, and the Moral
admirable, and the rather, because it comes
from the Pen of one who has the Misfor-
tune to live under a Prince that exactly
copies *Alexander's* Ambition, without
either his Courage or his Clemency.

And it may be proper to ask this
Adorer of Antiquity, whether he has ne-
ver seen what one of the gravest of the
Antients, who is no Banterer like *Lu-*
cian, has said of *Alexander*; and whe-
ther the *Fælix Prædo* in the *Pharsalia*,
is not a severer Stroke than any Modern
has given him? The Character is warmly
writ in *Lucan's* Tenth Book, where
having mention'd the Vault at *Alexan-*
dria, in which the Kings of *Egypt* were
bury'd, he says,

Illic

*Illic Pellæi Proles vesana Philippi
Fœlix Prædo jacet, terrarum vindice Fato
Raptus, &c.*

*Philip's mad Son, the prosp'rous Robber,
bound*

*In Fate's eternal Chains, here sleeps pro-
found,*

*Whom Death forbade his Rapines to pursue,
And in the World's Revenge the mighty
Monster slew.*

The whole Passage is admirable, in which he runs over in a short Sketch the History of that Prince; but I must not take up so much of my Reader's time, as to insert it here.

The next Cause that comes on is *Aristotle's*, who is instructed by his Learned Council to say, that *the Dialogues have done him as much Wrong as they have done his Scholar Alexander*. He complains, that he is topp'd by an old *Debauchée*; yet owns his chief Grievance is, *not so much that Anacreon gets the Victory, as that he himself is not allow'd to talk his Share, and to dispute a little*. Does not this look as if the Critick had taken a Fee on t'other side, to make merry

ry with his Client? For, what cou'd any one say more to the Purpose, to expose the Pride of a Philosopher who regards *not Truth, but Contention?* And *Pluto* afterwards gives Sentence, *That Aristotle ought to answer his Antagonist, and that a little Song shou'd not weigh as much as many bulky Folio's.*

I shou'd think that any Reader, who did not wear the Spectacles of a Critick, which are curiously made to discern Faults that are not, and to hide real Beauties, wou'd presently perceive that the Satire is the more severe in making a Pleasurist moralize to a Philosopher; and that the Author's Design was, not to recommend *Anacreon*, (unless for the Easiness of his Temper) but to reprehend *Aristotle* for his Pride and Avarice. And if any thing more is to be wish'd for in that Dialogue, it is only, that, to make the Moral yet more compleat, *Anacreon* had been reminded in his Turn, that a *Wise Man* is to moderate his Appetite to Pleasure too, as well as his Ambition of Greatness and Riches.

Homer is another of the Antients that appeals for Justice; his Complaint is that
in

in the Dialogue with *Æsop* he is made to speak ill of himself, which, he says, is treating him worse than he was treated by *Lucian*. And he makes, on the Occasion, a sounding Harrangue to *Pluto* about the infinite number of his Adorers, and about his Name, which in *Lucian's* time had been establis'd above a thousand Years, and has now an Antiquity of near three thousand——So that he intends to prove, I suppose, by undoubted Chronology, that *Fontenelle's* Affront of him is almost three times as great as *Lucian's* : And yet, after all, there is no Affront offer'd him.

For, that in which he is said to speak against himself, is only *his disowning the Mysteries in his Works*. The Critick therefore supposes there are Mysteries, or else *Homer* suffers no Wrong by disowning 'em. And thus he has brought himself in for a Share in the Ridicule of that Dialogue, which was intended, not against *Homer*, but against the Absurdity of some of his Pedant Expositors, who happen'd, I know not how, to dream, that the Secrets of every Art, and Science, and Invention whatever, were couch'd in the Writings of this great Poet. And possibly they might, with the same Force of Imagi-

Imagination, after long looking on some venerable old Ruin, come to see plainly *Homer's* Picture in it, or *Achilles* in his Boots, and all the Battels of the *Trojan* War.

But the Quarrel does not end here; 'tis taken up again upon the reading of the Dialogue between *Helen* and *Fulvia*, and *Homer* immediately in a Rage cries out—*What always upon me! Is the Publick to be diverted at no bodies Cost but mine?—Is this the way to be a Wit?*—And so he goes raving on, till poor *Fulvia*, to make him Satisfaction, is forc'd to disavow what she said in the Dialogue.

Now let the Reader judge who has most abus'd *Homer*, my Author, or the Critick, who paints him with the Jealousie of a Madman that is perpetually crying Murder, when no body offers to hurt him. For *Fontenelle* rallies only the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, not the Poet who has writ of 'em. He proposes to shew what slender and ridiculous Springs often produce the greatest Events in the World: History affords many Instances of this; the Story of *Octavius* and *Anthony* is one.

one. And since 'tis undoubted that the Story of *Troy* too, which *Homer* has so finely amplify'd, had its Foundation in Truth, let the Critick help us, if he can, to a more compleat System of human Follies, than to imagine Treaties, Councils, Debates, Battels, Sieges, and the Blood and Treasure of several Nations consum'd for ten Years together, in the important Quarrel of a Cuckold and a Whore.

I must not omit to mention one more of the Antients, who is made to arraign the Dialogues, with as little Reason as *Homer*, and that is *Virgil*. In the Introduction to the *Georgicks* he has made *Augustus* a God, and offer'd him to choose his Province in Heaven, which *Fontenelle* thinks somewhat Extraordinary, and possibly it may with more Reason appear so to us rude Islanders, who have not been accusom'd to the Mode of Stile, which is so familiar of late in *French* Panegyrics.

The Critick observes, that *Julius Cæsar* had been deify'd before, and he might have mention'd *Romulus*, the first Instance of that kind of Folly which began

gan early among the *Romans*, tho' it was a Complement very unprofitable to him, being made after his Death to serve a Turn of State. It is true, therefore, that *Virgil* might plead Precedents in the Case; but after all, this Gentleman mistakes the principal Design of the Dialogue in which 'tis mention'd, and hunts, as he often does, upon a wrong Scent. 'Tis that between *Augustus* and *Aretin*, the Business of which is to enquire what sort of Praises are the most valuable, and the Reflections which *Fontenelle* has put into the Mouth of *Aretin*, who was call'd *The Scourge of Princes*, are not intended to burlesque the *Georgicks*, but to tax the Vanity of the Emperor, and, indeed, of all Princes who suffer themselves to be complemented into Divinity, which is, and ever will be, an Affront to the common Sense of Mankind, tho' Flattery and Superstition had made an *Apotheosis* ever so customary.

There is certainly much more *Decorum* in the Praise bestow'd by the same Poet on *Cato*, in the Description of *Aeneas's* Shield, on which *Vulcan* Prophetically figures the *Roman* History, and the *Elysian* Fields,

Secre-

*Secretosq; pios, & his dantem jura
Catonem.*

*The Band Select of Pious Souls he draws,
And Cato's happy Shade to these pre-
scribing Laws.*

. This, indeed, is admirable; and because *Fontenelle* allows it to be so, the Critick thinks he has catch'd him at a Contradiction, and makes *Cato* in his new-fashion Novel cry out—*Then I was no such Poltron as cou'd neither live nor die with a Grace! Let me have my Character fix'd, and tell me what I must pass for.*—But he might have spar'd his Speech, unless he can shew, that my Author, by mentioning this Passage, establishes the Merit of *Cato's* Behaviour in killing himself, which he has elsewhere censur'd. Instead of that, 'tis plain he only commends the Poet for the Address and Generosity of that Complement, because *Cato* was dead, and cou'd not acknowledge the Favour.

I thought my self oblig'd particularly to consider these Complaints, in which the Honour of the Antients is, by this Gentleman,

cleman represented to be so much concern'd.
 As for his minute Raillery upon Sentences
 and Words, his raising Objections, and
 then debating 'em 'till they are lost, or
 reduc'd to something not worth exami-
 ning, (as if he had writ by the Page, and
 resolv'd to fill up a certain number) I
 will only say, that the Idea which *Fon-*
tenelle form'd of his Dead was, that they
 ought not to be great Talkers ; but the
 Critick, resolving to oppose him in every
 thing, seems to have design'd, that his
Judgment of PLUTO shou'd exactly re-
 present a Trial among the Living, in which
 there are many Impertinencies and much
 Mis-Representation, and every Witness
 is heard at large what he has to say, tho'
 more than half of it be nothing to the
 Purpose.

Therefore I pass over a great many of
 his fine frivolous Amplifications, in which
 he seems wonderfully delighted with the
 Fertility of his own Wit, and wou'd be
 glad to know what the Novel-Writer
 (which, I think, is most properly his Name)
 means by that notable Episode of *Pe-*
trarch's coming before *Pluto*, and com-
 plaining, *That his Laura is spoil'd, that*
she is turn'd a Reasoner, and that when

he wou'd have said some Gallant Things to her, she set her self to argue with him— I can make nothing of it, but only, that if this *Gallant* Writer had appointed her Part in the Dialogues, she shou'd have scorn'd musty Morals, and appear'd only in a languishing *Tête à Tête* with her Lover. He finds it dangerous, even among the Dead, *That Women shou'd be great Reasoners, for fear of the Consequences,* and he will not allow the Mistress of *Petrarch* to make *Reflections,* lest his own, I suppose, shou'd get the Secret.

The same solid Objection is made against *Anne of Britany,* and *Mary of England,* who are accus'd for *Speculations and Sentences,* and for *saying nothing that is common.* Now to this Charge let my Author answer for himself, who says he has made all his Dead moralize, because * *'twou'd not else have been worth while to make 'em speak, for the Living might suffice to say things of no Use.* But the Critick wisely knowing himself to be a Party concern'd in this Reflection,

* *Letter to Lucian.*

P R E F A C E. xxxiii

resolv'd not to pass by the Affront; and has therefore drawn up a Letter of Complaint from the Living to the Dead, and sends it in all haste by the God *Mercury*; who, tho' he had always been *Jupiter's* Messenger, and sometimes his Pimp, yet never was employ'd to run of Errands for simple Mortals before: The Contents are, to acquaint the Inhabitants of Darkness, that the Living have seriously examin'd the matter, and are positive *there is nothing in the Dialogues which exceeds their Capacity, and that 'tis not necessary to be dead, in order to say things as rational and as full of Morality as are there said.* To which sage Remonstrance *Plato* gives his Assent, and, indeed, cou'd do no less, since 'tis certain, that the Author of the Dialogues himself was *alive* when he writ 'em.

But tho' the Novelist wou'd not allow of Female Reasoners, because he apprehends it dangerous, yet methinks he might allow so considerable an Emperor as *Charles V.* to mention *the Fibres of the Brain* in a Conversation with *Erasmus*, and yet not suspect him of too much Learning or Judgment in Anatomy, nor of Pedantry in the Expression, which was

the only proper one to the Occasion. Perhaps I must not venture to say as much for *Berenice*, who is thought *to have study'd too much*, because she uses the Word *Grammatical*, and talks of Disputes about the changing a few Letters in a Name. So easie a thing it is to be Learned, according to our Critick's Account, that one very common Term of Anatomy can turn an Emperor into a Doctor, and a single Word make a Queen a Grammarian.

And, no doubt, if Queen *Elizabeth*, or *Christina*, had us'd the same, it wou'd have offended the Ear of so nice a Judge, who, it seems, has never heard of Learned Princesses; and tho' he cannot tell whether *Berenice* was not really one, yet he thinks the bare Suspicion so indecent, that he will not allow of the least Syllable that may be thought to have a Relish of it.

'Tis for a like Reason, I suppose, that *Montezuma* is afterwards accus'd for having *too much Knowledge in History*; tho' *Fontenelle* does not suppose him to have brought it from *Mexico*, but makes him say *he learn'd it in his Conversations with the Dead*. But what Conversations wou'd those

those be, if the Dead were to be made such
Insipids as *the Judgment of PLUTO*
wou'd allow, or how impertinent if they
were all Criticks!

And the Reader may judge what fine
Morals he might have expected, if the
Characters and Discourses in these Dia-
logues had been regulated by the Nove-
list, who is offended because *David Ric-
cio*, a Musician, does not talk to the
Queen of Scots in his Quality of a *Minister
of State*, and with all the *Ambition* he had
upon Earth; tho' after its having cost
him his Life, *Fontenelle* thought it time
to make him lay it down, and reason in
a manner somewhat more Solid and In-
structive.

This gives me Occasion to observe, that
'tis every where a principal Beauty of the
Dialogues, what this Writer is so gross
as to mistake for a Fault. The Persons
interested in 'em are not always made to
act that Part of their Character which is
the most obvious. Death is suppos'd to
have enlarg'd their Views, corrected their
Reasonings, and stripp'd off their Dis-
guises; and 'tis not strange to find *Plato*
use a much more intelligible Style than

in his Philosophy; nor is it a Fault that *Raphael* does not *talk of his Profession*, as the Author of this critical Noyel wou'd have him. It wou'd, doubtless, have been very Ingenious and Diverting, to have put him upon teaching the Arts of Sculpture and Painting among the Dead. But *Fontenelle* thought it might do as well to find him other Business, and from a known Passage in his History, to make him expose the Imperfection of Human Reason, and the fantastical Condition of Life, both which make *Prejudices*, in a manner, necessary.

It will not be difficult, I believe, for any one who takes this Thought with him, to be at a Loss, as *Pluto* is, to unravel *the Meaning of that Dialogue*; no body, surely, can think it is seriously to commend Prejudices. For it must be consider'd, 'tis the Genius of Satire, often to say things for which there is some Occasion given, and yet which cannot be admitted for absolute Truths. I will mention another Example, which is that of *Montezuma*—. *It was our Happiness not to have known there were Sciences, we shou'd not else, perhaps, have had the Prudence to forbear being Learned.*

Now

P R E F A C E. xxxvii

Now this is by no means a Satire upon Learning, but upon those, who having so boasted an Advantage, make little or no Use of it, and therefore give Occasion to such a Reflection. I cou'd cite parallel * Instances, to justify this, out of a Sacred Book, writ by the wisest of Men, and which is the finest Satire upon the Vanity of Human Life, of any that is extant, and yet no body can understand all that is there said, unless in a qualify'd Sense.

But there is nothing more easie than Criticism, if a Man will resolve to take every thing in a wrong Meaning, and then fall on without Mercy. 'Twas by this Art the Author of *PLUTO's Judgment* found that *Erostratus* was made a Hero, and that *Parmeniscus* talks unintelligibly; both which, and many other of his Cavils, which I have omitted, only accuse him of a gross Apprehension, and it is very easie, but unnecessary, to refute 'em. I wish I cou'd as easily excuse the Freedom my Author has taken in one Dialogue, where I think he has

b 4

been

* He that encreases Knowledge encreases Sorrow.

xxxviii P R E F A C E.

been much too bold with a Queen of *England*; for which I will leave him to the Mercy of the Criticks and the Ladies. And if the latter shou'd be angry with him too, for making Fidelity in their Lovers next to a * Miracle, which seems to question their Charms, perhaps Fidelity was never among Monsieur *Fontenelle's* Virtues, as it might have been if he had liv'd in an Island where there is the most Beauty and Merit to support it.

After all, I do not undertake to defend my Author from any thing that may appear to be really a Fault, in the Opinion of better Judges than the Writer I have been disputing with. It requir'd, I think, no great Skill or Study to answer his *Judgment of PLUTO*; and he must forgive me if I end here, as he begun, only with a little Alteration of his Words— *That a Man who is very lazy may criticise twenty such Criticks as he, and yet have time enough to be idle still.*

I had almost forgot to mention two Dialogues of my own, in which, I'm afraid, there

* *Dialogue of Callirhea and Paulina*, p. 32.

there is more Work for Criticism, than in all *Fontenelle's* together. I endeavour'd, several Years ago, to write 'em in Imitation of his Manner; and tho' I have now suffer'd 'em to be printed, I can make no Apology for 'em, but only, that the shortest Errors are the most likely to be pardon'd, and that is the Reason why I added no more.

T H E

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I.
II.
III.
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VI.
VII.
VIII.
IX.

T H E C O N T E N T S.

TO LUCIAN *in the Elizian Fields.*
Page xlv.

Dialogues of the ANTIENTS.

- I. Alexander and Phrine. *What Characters make the greatest Noise.* Page. 1
- II. Milo and Smindirides. *Of Delicacy.* p 6
- III. Dido and Stratonice. *Of the Intrigue which Virgil feigns of Dido.* p. 9
- IV. Anacreon and Aristotle. *Of Philosophy.* p. 13
- V. Homer and Æsop. *Of the Mysteries said to be in Homer's Works.* p. 19
- VI. Athenais and Icasia. *Of the Fantasticalness of Fortunes.* p. 23
- VII. Erostratus and Demetrius Phalereus. *That the Passions are necessary, tho' sometimes destructive.* p. 27
- VIII. Callirhea and Paulina. *That People will deceive themselves as much as they have Occasion for.* p. 32
- IX. Candaulus and Gyges. *Of Pride and Indiscretion.* p. 38
- X. He-

xlii The C O N T E N T S.

- X. Helen *and* Fulvia. *On great Events.* p. 42
XI. Parmeniscus *and* Theocritus of Chios.
 That Reason is chagrin, and not always
 useful. p. 46
XII. Brutus *and* Faustina. *On the Sentiments*
 of Liberty. p. 55
-

Dialogues of the ANTIENTS with
the MODERNS.

- I. **A**ugustus *and* Peter Aretin. *On Praises.*
 Page. 61
II. Sappho *and* Laura. *Whether it would be*
 best that the Men court the Women, or the
 Women the Men. p. 68
III. Socrates *and* Montaign. *Whether the An-*
 tients had more Virtue than the Moderns. p. 72
IV. Adrian the Emperor *and* Margaret of Au-
 stria. *What Deaths are the most extraordi-*
 nary. p. 78
V. Erasistratus *and* Harvey. *Of what Use are*
 the Modern Discoveries in Natural Philo-
 sophy and Physick. p. 86
VI. Berenice *and* Cosmo II. of Medicis. *Con-*
 cerning Immortality of Name. p. 90
VII. Seneca *and* Marot. *Whether the Wis-*
 dom which proceeds from Reason is more to
 be depended on than that which proceeds
 from Temper. p. 94
VIII. Ar-

The CONTENTS. xliii

- VIII. Artemisia and Raymond Lully. *On the Perfection to which Men aspire.* p. 100
IX. Apicius and Galileo. *That new Knowledge can be discover'd, but not new Pleasures.* p. 105
X. Plato and Margaret of Scotland. *Of Platonick Love.* p. 109
XI. Strato and Raphel d' Urbin. *On Prejudices.* p. 116
XII. Lucretia and B. Plomberg. *That Glory is a stronger Motive than Duty.* p. 122
-

Dialogues of the MODERNS.

- I. **A**NNE of Britany and Mary of England. *A Comparison of Ambition and Love.* p. 131
II. Charles V. and Erasmus. *Whether there is any thing on which we may be vain.* p. 138
III. Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Alençon. *On the little Solidity of Pleasures.* p. 143
IV. William of Cabestan and A. Frederick of Brandenburg. *On Madness.* p. 147
V. Agnes Sorel and Roxalana. *On the Power of Women.* p. 152
VI. Joan Queen of Naples and Anselm. *On Inquietude and Curiosity about the Future.* p. 158
VII. Soliman and Julietta of Gonzaga. *That Happiness in Love must be reciprocal, and at*

xliv The CONTENTS.

- that there is somewhat in Vanity which
may be good.* P. 163
- VIII. Paracelsus and Moliere. *Of imaginary
Sciences, and of Comedy.* P. 167
- IX. Mary Queen of Scots and David Riccio.
Whether one can be happy by Reason. P. 173
- X. The Third false Demetrius and Descartes.
*That Men will never quit the Search of
Truth tho' unsuccessful.* P. 177
- XI. Anna Bullen and the Dutchess of Val-
lentinois. *By what Means extraordinary
Things are effected.* P. 183
- XII. Cortez and Montezuma. *What is the
Difference between barbarous Nations and
such as are Polite.* P. 188
-

Two Original Dialogues.

- I. **L** Ucius Junius Brutus and Augustus
Cæsar. *That the greatest Characters
may be criticis'd.* P. 197
- II. Empedocles and Lucilio Vanini. *Of the
Multitudes that have been Martyrs to
Folly.* P. 205

T O

LUCIAN

I N T H E

ELIZIAN Fields.

Illustrious Shade,

I Think my self oblig'd, in Justice, to pay you some sort of Homage for an Idea I have borrow'd from you. That Author, who has furnish'd the greatest Aids to a Book, is certainly the true Hero of the Dedication ; His Praises we can publish with the most Sincerity, and 'tis him we ought to choose our Patron. Perhaps I shall be thought too assur'd, for daring to Work after your Plan : But

I

*I shou'd think my self much more so, if I
 ventur'd upon one of my own. I have
 some Reason now to flatter my self,
 that the Materials, which are mine, will
 be receiv'd for the sake of the Design,
 which is yours. And I will venture
 to say, that if my Dialogues, by chance,
 shou'd find some small Success, they
 wou'd do you more Honour than even your
 own have done; since it wou'd appear
 that this Idea is in it self so beautiful, that
 it does not need to be skilfully executed.
 For my own particular, I have had such
 a firm Dependance upon it, that I have
 believ'd a Part of it sufficient for me.
 have therefore laid aside Pluto, Charon
 Cerberus, and whatever else belongs to the
 Inferi. But how concern'd am I to think
 that you have exhausted all those fine
 Subjects of the Equality among the Dead
 of their Regret of Life, of the false
 Constancy which Philosophers affect to
 shew in Death, of the ridiculous Destiny
 of those young People who die before old
 Men, whom they made Court to, and
 thought*

thought themselves sure to inherit. Yet, the Design being wholly yours, 'twas but reasonable, I confess, you shou'd make the best of your own Invention, and choose that which was the most beautiful in it.

I have endeavour'd, at least, to imitate you in the End you propos'd. As all your Dialogues include their Moral, so all my Dead moralize; 'twou'd not else have been worth while to make 'em speak, for the Living might have suffic'd to say Things of no Use. There's this Conveniency too, that it may be suppos'd the Dead are People of deep Reflection, as well from their Experience as their Leisure; and it ought to be believ'd, for their Honour, that they think somewhat more than is usual in Life. They reason on things above, better than we, because they regard 'em with much more Indifference and Tranquility, and they are inclin'd to reason on 'em, because they still pretend to some remaining Interest

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terest in 'em. You have made the greatest part of their Dialogues so short, that it appears you did not take 'em for great Talkers, and I have readily fallen in with your Opinion. For the Dead, not wanting Sense, must presently see to the End of things. I found no Difficulty likewise to imagine, that they might be inlighten'd enough to agree upon every thing with one another, and consequently not to wrangle, or but very rarely. For I fancy Disputing belongs only to Us Ignorants, who do not discover the Truth; as 'tis a Misfortune incident only to the Blind, who can't see the Point they are making towards, to fall out and juggle in the Road. But we cannot, here above, conceive how the Dead shou'd have chang'd their Characters so far as no longer to have any opposite Sentiments: For when we have once in the World conceiv'd an Opinion of People, we know not how to part with it. Thus then I have apply'd my self to bring the Dead into Knowledge again, at least those who are of much Note. You
made

in the *Elizian* Fields. xlix

made no difficulty to suppose some, and possibly some of the *Adventures* too which you attribute to 'em; but I thought I had no Occasion for this Privilege; History furnish'd me with real Persons, and real *Adventures* enough, to excuse me from borrowing any Supplies from Fiction.

Now, that the Dead shou'd speak of Events much later than their own Time, will be no Surprise to you, who see 'em every Day discoursing on Affairs with one another. I dare be confident, that even at this moment, you are perfectly acquainted with France by an Infinity of Reports, and that you know she is at present the same in Learning which Greece was formerly. Above all, your famous Translator*, who has so admirably taught you to speak our Language, will not fail to tell you, that Paris has had the same Taste

† The *Sieur D'Ablancourt*.

1 T O L U C I A N.

Taste for your Works with Rome and Athens. Happy he who cou'd copy your Stile like this great Man, and be Master of that refin'd Simplicity in his Expression, and that easie and genteel Humour, which are so proper for Dialogue. For my own Part, I am far from pretending to the Glory of having imitated you well; I only aspire to that of having well known 'twas impossible to imitate a more excellent Model.

F O N

FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES

OF THE
D E A D.

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FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES
OF THE
D E A D.

DIALOGUE I.

Alexander the Great, and Phrine.

PHRINE.

AS K any of the *Thebans* that liv'd
in my Time, if I did not offer
to rebuild, at my own proper
Charge, the Walls of *Thebes*
which you had destroy'd, on Condition
only that they wou'd set this Inscription
upon 'em? — *Alexander the Great demo-*
lish'd these Walls, but Phrine the Courtisan
restor'd 'em.

B 2

Alex.

Alex. It seems you were in a mighty Concern, lest Posterity shou'd not know what Trade you follow'd.

Phri. Let my Trade, answer for it self; I excell'd in it; and great Persons (you know) of all Professions, have the Folly of Monuments and Inscriptions.

Alex. It's true, *Rhodope* had before you she made so fine a Market of her Beauty, as to be able to build one of the famous *Egyptian* Piramids standing to this Hour. I remember she was talking of it t'other Day to some *French* Misses, who pretend ed to have been as lovely as the best; but the poor Devils cry'd heartily, to think that in their Age and Country the Fair cou'd raise no such Pyramid-Fortunes.

Phri. But I had the Advantage of *Rhodope*; for, in rebuilding the Walls of *Thebes* I put my self in Parallel with you, who were the greatest Conqueror in the World and I made it appear that my Beauty cou'd repair the Ruins that were made by your Valour.

Alex. Was ever such a Comparison heard of before! Well, and you are mightily satisfy'd then that you had so many Gallants?

Phri. And you are mightily satisfy'd that you made a Desert of the best Part of the Earth? How finely you had been serv'd

if every City you destroy'd had found a *Phrine* to rebuild it! Not a Mark of your Fury had been left.

Alex. Were I to live again, I shou'd be the same great Conqueror I was.

Phri. And I the same * little Conqueror. Beauty has a natural Right to govern Mankind, Valour has no more than it gains by Force. The Charms of fine Women are found in all Countries, so are not Kings nor Conquerors: But to convince you more, your Father *Philip* you'll own was Valiant enough, and so were you, I think, with a Vengeance; yet, with all your Fierceness, you cou'd neither of you frighten *Demosthenes* the Orator, who did nothing but rail, and make Speeches against you both as long as he liv'd. But there was another *Phrine* (for mine, let me tell you, is a lucky Name) who had lost a Cause of great Consequence, if her Council, having exhausted his Eloquence for her in vain, had not whisper'd her in the Ear to slip aside her Vail: She did so, and upon the Sight of such surprizing Beauty the Court, who were just giving Sentence against her, immediately chang'd their Minds. Thus you see that the Noise of your Conquests, for several Years together, cou'd

B 3

not

* In the last French Edition 'tis lovely Conqueror; the Reader may take which he likes.

not stop the Mouth of one declaiming O-
rator, and yet the Charms of a pretty
Woman, in an Instant, cou'd corrupt the
Severity of the whole *Areopagus*.

Alex. Well, make the most of that
Name-sake of yours that you have call'd
to your Assistance, yet I'm mistaken if the
Part of *Alexander* is like to prove the
weaker. 'Twou'd be very hard if——

Phri. I know what you're going to say
now——*Greece, Asia, Persia, the Indies*,
all these make a fine Show. But then let
me only take from you what you have no
Right to, and distribute fairly to your
Officers, your common Soldiers, and to
Fortune her self, their proper Shares of the
Glory, and d'ye think this won't take you
down a little, and make you something
more slender? Now a handsome Woman
owes her Conquests entirely to her self,
and no Body comes in for a Share with
her. Oh! 'tis the finest thing in the
World to be a fine Woman!

Alex. Yes—you gave sufficient Proofs
that you thought so: But pray does a fine
Woman come up to your Excesses?

Phri. Look ye, I make a Conscience of
lying, and therefore I say—No; and to
be very sincere with you, I own I over-
stretch'd the Character of a fine Woman,
but so did you that of a great Man, and
fo

so let's shake Hands. You and I made too many Conquests; if I had been engag'd in no more than two or three Intrigues, this had been modest, and no Body cou'd have found Fault; but how shou'd Modesty get Mony enough to build City Walls? And then as to your Part, had you only conquer'd *Greece*, and half a Dozen little Islands, or perhaps a small Spot in the lesser *Asia*, why—there had been Reason and Conscience in this. But to run raving up and down, and not know whither; to fight and take Towns, and not know why; and to be always in a Hurry of Action about no Body knows what: 'Tis this has offended the Men of sober Sense.

Alex. Let the Men of sober Sense say what they please; I'm sure, if I had been so sober in the use of my Valour and Fortune, I had ne'er been half so much talk'd of.

Phri. Nor I, if I had made such sober use of my Beauty. For, in short, when one only designs to make a Noise in the World, 'tis not found that the most reasonable Characters are the most proper for the Purpose.

DIALOGUE II.

Milo of Crotona, and Smindirides.

SMINDIRIDES.

THOU art strangely proud, *Milo*, of having carry'd an Ox on thy Shoulders at the *Olympique Games*.

Milo. Why, by *Jove*, 'twas an extraordinary Performance; all *Greece* applauded it, and the Eccho of my Fame reach'd as far as my own native Town *Crotona*; which, let me tell you, has sent out a vast Number of the stoutest Wrestlers. On the contrary, thy *Sibaris* will be a Proverb to Eternity, for the infamous Effeminacy of its Inhabitants, who banish'd all the Cocks in the Town for fear of being wak'd by their Crowing; and us'd to invite their Guests to Dinner a Year before-hand, that they might have leisure enough to contrive what Dainties they shou'd have.

Smin. All Stuff and Banter! — Why you lubberly Clown! had not you the Sense to know, that to huff and vapour upon your carrying an Ox, was but to boast your self like the Beast you carry'd?

Milo.

Milo. And pray what were you like? Not a Man, I'm sure, when you complain'd you had pass'd a whole Night without a Wink, because one of the Rose-leaves your Bed was strew'd with lay folded in two under you!

Smin. I own it, I had that Niceness you speak of; but why dost thou think it so strange?

Milo. Why who the Devil can think otherwise?

Smin. What, have you never seen a Lover that having courted his Mistress with very particular Services, has afterward, in the full Possession of her Favours, dash'd his Joy with this Scruple, That 'twas Gratitude more than Inclination prevail'd in the Fair One's Heart?

Milo. No, never — but what then?

Smin. And did you ne'er hear of a Conqueror, who, after some glorious Expedition, has been dissatisfy'd with his Triumph, to think that Fortune had a greater share in it than, perhaps, either his Courage or Conduct, and that his Success was owing to foolish Designs and mistaken Measures?

Milo. Never in my Life — but, once again, what d'ye argue from this?

Smin. Why that this Lover and Conqueror aforesaid, and indeed almost all Men in general, tho' stretch'd on Couches of

of Flowers, can't sleep a Wink, if but one of the Leaves happen to be folded. The slightest things in the World can destroy our Pleasures; they are Beds of Roses, in which 'tis almost impossible to have all the Leaves smooth, but some of necessity will be doubl'd, and one such is enough to make us very uneasy.

Milo. Well, for my part I own my self no Doctor in these Matters; but, in my plain Opinion, you, and your Lover and Conqueror, may go together for three Loggerheads. What d'ye make your selves such nice Fops for?

Smin. Why prithee, dost think People of Wit are such Bull-hided Curs as thou? I tell thee, no; they are all *Sibarites* softer than my self.

Milo. Yes, now I perceive the Policy of the Business. Your Wits have more Pleasures than they have occasion for, and so they let their Niceness retrench 'em, and pare off the superfluous ones. For this Reason they wou'd be sensible of the least Disagreements, and no doubt they are very wise Folks.

Smin. No such Matter, in Troth! your Wits have not more Pleasures than they have occasion for.

Milo. Then, in Troth, your Wits are downright Fools, to trouble their Heads about such Niceties.

Smin.

Smin. Why there's the Mischief on't now! Delicacy becomes a Man very well; 'tis a Disposition arising from the best Qualities of the Head and Heart. We are pleas'd to find that we have it; and, if we have it not, we are willing to acquire it. But, in the mean time, this Delicacy lessens the Number of our Pleasures, which in Truth we are not overstock'd with, and makes our Sensation of 'em less sprightly, whereas of themselves they are scarce sprightly enough. What a wretched Thing is Man? His natural Condition affords him but little that's agreeable, and his Reason teaches him to taste it yet less.

DIALOGUE III.

Dido and Stratonice.

D I D O.

AH, my *Stratonice*! how unhappy am I? You know how I liv'd: I maintain'd so religious a Fidelity to my first Husband, that I burn'd my self alive to avoid marrying a second; and yet I have not been secure from Slander. A certain Poet, nam'd *Virgil*, has been pleas'd to trans-

transform me from a grave discreet Person into an arrant Coquet, that lets her self run mad for the handsome Mien of a Stranger the very first Day she sees him. All my History's turn'd topsie-turvy: Indeed he has had the Charity to leave me my Pile of Wood to burn my self. But what d'ye think throws me upon it? Not the Fear of a second Marriage, I'll promise you; but Despair, because my new Guest is going to leave me.

Strat. In earnest this may prove of very dangerous Consequence. What Woman hereafter will have the Grace to broil her self out of conjugal Fidelity, if after her Death a Poet shall have the Liberty to tell what Tales of her he pleases? But your *Virgil* perhaps was not so much to blame; he discover'd, for ought I know, some Intrigue of your Life, which you hop'd wou'd have remain'd secret. Who can tell? for my part you must excuse me, if I wou'd not be bound to answer for you upon the Credit of your Wood Pile.—

Dido. If the Intrigue *Virgil* has put upon me had any Resemblance of Truth, 'twou'd not vex me. But he has giv'n me one *Aneas* for my Lover, a Fellow that was rotten three hundred Years before I came into the World.

Strat.

Strat. Ay, now you say something. However, your *Aeneas* and you seem to have been cut out for one another: Both of you were forc'd to fly your Country; both of you sought your Fortune in strange Lands: He was a Widower, and you a Widow; d'ye see how Matters chime? It's true you were born about some three hundred Years after him; but that's nothing; *Virgil* had such Reason to make it a Match, that he was resolv'd three hundred Years distance shou'd break no Squares.

Dido. That's nothing, quoth a! What? are not three hundred Years, full three hundred Years? yet two Persons, it seems, can meet and be sweet upon one another in spight of this Obstacle!

Strat. Oh'tis there *Virgil* has shewn his Cunning. He was doubtless a Man that knew the World, and design'd to set forth, that in the Business of Intrigues Appearance is no Rule to judge by, and that those that appear least, are often the most true.

Dido. 'Tis very well, and I must be scandaliz'd (with a Curse to him) to weave into his Works this fine Mystery!

Strat. Why so hasty? Has he buffoon'd you? or made you talk like a Fool?

Dido. Nay, far enough from that; it's the finest Part of his Poem, where I make
my

my Appearance: He has repeated it to me here below. 'Tis all divine, except the Scandal; I'm very handsome, and upon my suppos'd Passion I say the finest things in the World. So that if he had represented me there a Woman of Reputation, the *Aeneis* had not been half so beautiful.

Strat. Then, in short, you're mad, to complain. He has given you an Intrigue you knew nothing of—a vile Affront! but in Requital he has given you a Beauty and a Wit, that perhaps you cou'd ne'er pretend to.

Dido. A fine Consolation!

Strat. I don't know indeed your Complexion; but, for the Generality of Women, I'll answer for't, they had rather have their Virtue suffer a little, than either their Wit or Beauty: And, for my self, I own I was of that Humour too. A Painter, in the Court of the King of *Syria* my Husband, had a secret Grudge against me, and in Revenge painted me in the Embraces of a common Soldier; he expos'd the Piece to View, and immediately took his Heels. My Subjects, full of Indignation and Zeal for my Honour, would have burn'd the Picture; but, because the Rogue had drawn me admirably well, and with a World of Beauty, tho' in a Posture by no means

means advantageous to my Virtue, I wou'd not let it be burnt, but call'd the Painter back, and pardon'd him: And so shou'd you *Virgil*, if you'd be rul'd by me.

Dido. 'Twou'd be a hopeful World truly, if the highest Merit in a Woman were to be handsome, or a Wit.

Strat. I'll not meddle with the Controversie about the highest Merit: But I'm sure, in common Conversation, the first Question People ask about a Woman that's a Stranger to 'em is this——*Is she handsome?*——The second——*Has she Wit?*——And it's very rare to have 'em ask you a third.

DIALOGUE IV.

Anacreon *and* Aristotle.

A R I S T O T L E.

I Cou'd never have imagin'd that a little Scribbler of Sonnets wou'd have dar'd to rank himself with a Philosopher of my great Reputation.

Anacr. You make a very lofty Sound with that Word Philosopher methinks; yet your humble Servant, with his little Sonnets,

Sonnets, made a shift to get the Name of the Wise *Anacreon*: A Title which, I think, takes place of Philosopher.

Arist. Those that gave you that Title then had no Regard to what they said. Pray what have you ever done to merit it?

Anacr. Who, I?—Nothing but drink and be merry, sing Songs, and make Love, and here's the Wonder, that at this Price I purchas'd the Name of Wise, whereas it cost you a world of Pains to get only that of a Philosopher: For, how many whole Nights have you fate up, beating your Brains, and winnowing dry Distinctions and crabbed Questions of Logick? How many huge unwieldy Volumes have you compos'd upon dark Notions, that perhaps you your self ne'er understood with all your poring?

Arist. I confess you took a very common Way to reach to Wisdom; one must doubtless be mighty ingenious, to know how to acquire more Glory with a Fiddle and a Bottle, than the greatest Men have acquir'd with their Watching and Study.

Anacr. What, you're upon the rallying Pin? But I'll maintain it, that 'tis harder to drink and sing as I did, than to philosophize as you did; to be able to drink and sing like me, one must first have disengag'd ones Soul from all violent Passions

and

and learn'd to aspire no more after what is not in our Power; to be dispos'd always to seize the Hours as they fly to us, and lay 'em out upon Pleasure; in fine, a thousand little things are first to be set in Order, and tho' there's no occasion for much Logick in the Business, yet it will cost you some Pains to bring it handsomly about. But a Man may Philosophize as you did, upon more reasonable Terms: For there's no Necessity of his curbing Ambition, or forswearing Avarice; no, the Gates of *Alexander's* Palace are open to him, where he finds a very comfortable Subsistence. Then comes a small Present of some five hundred thousand Crowns, which he's not Fool enough to lay out wholly upon Natural Experiments, according to the Design of the Donor. And this sort of Philosophy, I take it, leads to things as opposite to Philosophy as can be.

Arist. Sure you have kept ill Company here below, that have given you a very scandalous Account of me. But when all's done, I say a Man's no Man but by the Advantage of his Reason, and nothing's more noble than to inform others how to use it in the Study of Nature, and how to unriddle all the Difficulties she proposes to us.

Anacr. To see how Men pervert every thing from its proper Use! Philosophy herself, no doubt, is an admirable thing, and may be of the greatest Service to 'em: But because her Company wou'd be troublesome if she thrust her self into their Affairs, and staid at home with 'em to discipline their Passions, therefore they have dispatch'd her away into the Heavens to range the Planets, and calculate their Motions; or else they have led her a Dance round the Earth, to make her examine all they see upon it; in short, they have always found her Employment far enough from themselves: And thus having a Mind to be Philosophers at a small Expence, they have very cunningly stretch'd the Name, and bestow it commonly upon such who only search into Natural Causes.

Arist. And what Name more proper for 'em?

Anacr. The Business of Philosophy is only with Man, and not with the rest of the Universe: The Astronomer's Thoughts are taken up with the Stars; the Naturalist's with Nature; and the Philosopher's with himself. But who wou'd be a Philosopher on such hard Terms? Very few, Heav'n knows: Why then you must have a Dispensation; Philosophers are to be excus'd

cus'd from being Philosophers, and 'tis enough if they are Astronomers or Naturalists. For my self, I was never of a Humour to trouble my Head with nice Speculations; but I'll be bold to say, that there is not half so much Philosophy in a Multitude of Books that pretend to treat of it, as in some of my Songs that appear so contemptible to you; as this, for Example:

*If Gold cou'd wasted Life restore,
I'd hoord in Chests the precious Ore;
And when grim Death approach'd, I'd say,
Here take thy Fee, and go away!
But since the Fates are too severe,
What's Gold to me?—Love, Wine, good
Cheer,
Are better far than useless Treasure:
I'll change my sordid Cares for Pleasure.*

Arist. If you are resolv'd then to call that only Philosophy which regards the Manners, I have several things among my Moral Writings which yet are much beyond your Song: For in short, the Obscurity I'm charg'd withal, which perhaps may be found in some of my Books, is not in the least to be observ'd in what I have written upon that Subject; and the whole World has own'd, that never any

thing was finer, or more clear, than what I have said of the Passions.

Anacr. What a Cheat is that now? The Question is not turn'd upon defining the Passions methodically, as you are said to have done, but upon getting the Mastery over 'em. Men are willing Philosophy shou'd read 'em Lectures upon their evil Habits, but not cure 'em, and they have found the Secret of framing to themselves a System of Morals that comes no more within Reach of their Passions, than Astronomy does. What Mortal can hold from shaking his Sides, to see mercenary Rogues that for Mony will declaim against Riches, and Cowards at Daggers-drawing about the Definition of Courage?

D I A.

DIALOGUE V.

Homer and Æsop.

H O M E R.

IN good earnest, all the Fables you have been repeating to me, can never be enough admir'd. It requir'd a World of Art, to disguise as you have done, in such little Tales, the most important Truths of Morality, and to couch your Thoughts under Images so very just, and yet so familiar.

Æsop. It makes me not a little proud to be prais'd for this Art, by one, who was himself so great a Master of it.

Homer. Who I? why I never pretended to it.

Æsop. What! did you never pretend to imply great Mysteries in your Works?

Homer. Alas, not I.

Æsop. Why I'm sure all the Vertuoso's of my time said you did: And there was not a Line in the *Iliads* nor the *Odyses*, but they fitted it with the quaintest Allegories in the World. They maintain'd that there was no Secret in Divinity, natural and moral Philosophy, and the Mathematicks to boot, but was fairly imply'd

in your Writings. Some Difficulty indeed there was in unravelling 'em; and it may be where one Sophister had found a moral Meaning, another discover'd a natural one: But they agreed in this, that you knew all things, and said all things, to those of an enlighten'd Understanding.

Homer. Without lying, I always suspected some People wou'd spy out Mysteries in my Works, that I never apprehended my self. For as there is nothing like prophesying boldly of things a great way off, and trusting to the Event, so there's no way like uttering Fables without Design, and leaving the Allegory to be made hereafter.

Æsop. Sure you had a great deal of Courage to entrust your Readers with the weighty Care of fitting Allegories to your Poems. What a Case you had been in, if they had all taken 'em in the Letter.

Homer. Why, if they had, the Damage had been but small.

Æsop. How! Pray what do you say for the Brawls of your Deities, that maim one another. Your thund'ring *Jupiter*, that in a full Convocation of the Gods threatens the august *Juno* to curry her into better Manners; and that same Bully *Mars*, who when he was wounded by *Diamede*, roar'd out (as you say) full as
loud

loud as nine or ten thousand Men, yet shew'd not the Courage of one: For instead of hewing all the *Greeks* into Shivers, his Head's taken up about his Wound, and making his *Misereres* to *Jupiter*. D'ye think all this cou'd have pass'd Muster, without an Allegory.

Homer. Why, not I pray? You're possess'd with a Fancy, that the human Mind searches only for Truth. Undeceive your self, I beseech you, I tell you the Mind of Man and Falshood have a wondrous Sympathy. If you have a Truth to deliver, wrap it up in Fables, and it takes much better. And if you have a Mind to be telling Stories, you may divert extreamly, without a Syllable of Truth, express'd or imply'd. Thus, you see, Truth is forc'd to borrow the Habit of Falshood, that it may find an agreeable Reception in the Mind of Man; but Falshood enters boldly in its own proper Person, because 'tis the Place of its Nativity, and its usual Abode, whereas Truth's but a Stranger there. I'll tell you more—suppose I had crack'd my Brains with inventing Allegorical Fables, the greatest part of my Readers wou'd perhaps have chop'd upon the Fable, and run away with it, without looking any further than the literal Sense, and so left my Allegory in the lurch. And I must tell you

too, that in effect my Deities, such as they are, and all Mysteries apart, have not been thought so ridiculous neither.

Æsop. Bless me! why you make me sweat; I'm in a terrible Fear all of a sudden lest People shou'd take me at my Word, and believe that the Beasts talk'd as they are represented in my Fables.

Homer. A pleasant Fear that!

Æsop. Why, if it agrees with their Faith, to think the Gods might hold such Discourses as you have represented of 'em; what Reason is there they shou'd not believe too, that Beasts may talk together, in the manner I made 'em talk?

Homer. Alas! the Case is quite different. Men it seems are well enough pleas'd that their Gods shou'd be as great Fools as themselves; but by no means that the Beasts shou'd be thought as wise.

DIALOGUE VI.

*Athenais and Icasia.**ICASIA.*

SINCE you have a Curiosity to know that Adventure of mine, I'll tell you. The Emperor, in whose Reign I liv'd, had an Inclination to marry; and that he might the better make Choice of an Empress to his Mind, he issu'd out his Proclamation, that all who thought themselves furnish'd with Beauty and Merit enough to pretend to a Throne, shou'd meet at *Constantinople*. God knows what infinite Crouds there were! I had the Vanity to go among the rest, in Confidence that the Charms of my Youth and of my Eyes, which were very sparkling, together with an Air agreeable and engaging enough, wou'd give me at least a fair Chance for the Empire. Well — Election-Day was come, and when all the beautiful Candidates were assembl'd, every one was busie in examining the Faces of all the rest, with Spight enough you may be sure. And for my part it flatter'd my Pride extreamly, to observe what sour ill-favour'd Glances I had from my Rivals. The Emperor appear'd,

pear'd, and pass'd by several Rows of *Belles* without speaking a Word: But when he came to me, my Eyes plaid their Parts, and stopp'd his Progress. Then regarding me with an Air as languishing as I cou'd wish, *In Truth*, says he, *Women are dangerous Creatures, and can do a World of Mischief*. Now Courage, thought I, and a little Repartee, and the Day's my own; so amidst the Confusion of Hope and Joy that I was in, I made a shift to reply—*Sir, as dangerous as Women are, they can make Reparation for that Mischief, and have sometimes done a World of Good*. This Answer of mine ruin'd all, for the Emperor thought it so witty that he durst as well be hang'd as venture upon me.

Athen. That Emperor was certainly very fantastical to be so scar'd at a little Wit, and an Innocent into the Bargain, to think your Answer discover'd much—for, if I may be so free with you, there was nothing in't, and you need not let your Wit lye heavy upon your Conscience.

Ica. Yet these are the cross Purposes of Fortune. Your Wit alone made you an Empress, the bare Suspicion of Wit hinder'd me from being one: You were a Philosopher too, which is ten times worse; yet nothing of this cou'd spoil your Match with the younger *Theodosius*.

Athen.

Athen. I shou'd have been in a panick Fear tho', if I had had such an Example as yours before my Eyes. My Father (I thank him) after he had accomplish'd me in Wit and Learning, disinherited me, and told me I had a very fair Fortune in my Hands, and need not doubt of Preferment, and to say Truth I thought so too. But I'm convinc'd now that I run the greatest Risque in the World, and that 'twas a hundred to one I had been left with nothing but my Philosophy to keep me.

Ica. To see now how one is puzzl'd in following Examples; 'twou'd be a very good Jest, if upon such an Occasion as mine, some other Persons, who have read my Story, and are willing to edifie by it, shou'd very cunningly conceal their Wit, and be laugh'd at for Fools.

Athen. I wou'd not lay Wagers of their Success, if they play'd the Fool with Design; tho' it often happens, when we don't think on't, that we commit the luckiest Follies in the World. Did you never hear of the Painter that drew Grapes so much to the Life that the Birds came and peck'd at 'em? Imagine how he was admir'd for't. But it seems there was a Boy drawn too carrying the Grapes; and one made this shrewd Remark to the Painter, that indeed the Fruit must needs be very well, because
it

it drew the Birds to it; but the Boy was done as ill, that cou'd not fright 'em away. 'Twas true enough; and yet if the Painter had not lost himself as he did when he drew the Boy, the Grapes had never had that prodigious Success.

Ica. In short, tho' all are oblig'd to be doing something in the World, yet we find no Body knows what they are about. And the Painter's Example is enough to fill us with Scruples, even in Affairs in which we have conducted our selves ever so well, and to make us doubt whether some Fault that we have shunn'd might not better have been committed. So uncertain is every thing, and it looks as if Fortune took Pains to give contrary Events to the same thing, to make her self Sport with the Reason of Mankind, which has no certain Rule for its Direction.

DIA

DIALOGUE VII.

Erostratus and Demetrius Phalereus.

EROSTRATUS.

THREE hundred and sixty Statues
erected in *Athens* to your Honour!
'Tis very much.

Thirty six

Demetr. I got the Government into my Hands, and after that 'twas no difficult matter, you may believe, to make the People compliment me with Statues.

Eroft. And you were transported, I warrant, to think you had thus multiply'd your self three hundred and sixty times, and that you met with nothing but your dear self throughout a whole City?

Demetr. I own it: But alas! 'twas a Joy of a very short Duration; the Face of Affairs soon alter'd, and in a Day's time not one of my Statues was left standing: They were all beaten down, and broke to Pieces.

Eroft. A terrible Reverse of Fortune! And pray who perform'd this noble Exploit?

Demetr. 'Twas *Demetrius Poliorcetes*, (a Shame take him!) the Son of *Antigonus*.

Eroft.

Eroft. Wou'd to Heav'n I had been in his Place. I'll swear 'twas infinite Pleasure to destroy such a vast Number of Statues made for one Man.

Demetr. Such a brutal Wish becomes none but him that fir'd the Temple at *Ephesus*—I see you preserve your old Character.

Eroft. I have been upbraided sufficiently with my burning that Temple; all *Greece* made a Noise about it: But 'tis a sad thing in earnest, that Men shou'd be so beside their Senses.

Demetr. You had best complain of the Injustice they have done you in detesting so brave an Action, and of the Rigour of that Law by which the *Ephesians* forbade any Body to mention the very Name of *Erostratus*.

Eroft. Hold there—I have no Reason at all to complain of that. The *Ephesians* were a Company of dull honest Wretches that had not the Brains to foresee that to forbid the Pronouncing of a Name, was the certain Way to make it immortal. But what ground was there for this Law? I had an extravagant Desire, forsooth, to be talk'd of, and so I fir'd their Temple well, and what then?—They ought to have drawn up an Address of Thanks to me, that my Ambition cost 'em no more
they

they cou'd not have come off cheaper; another in my Place wou'd have pull'd ye their City about their Ears, and destroy'd State and all.

Demetr. To hear you, a Man wou'd swear you had a Right to lay about you like a Fury, and spare nothing in your Way, that might make you be talk'd of. And that all the Mischiefs you forbore ought to be reckon'd as so many Acts of Grace, and Instances of your Generosity.

Eroft. Why, I'll make it as plain as can be that I had a Right to burn the Temple of *Ephesus*. Pray what d'ye think 'twas built for, with so much Art and Magnificence? Was it not the Design of the Architect to perpetuate his Name?

Demetr. Very likely.

Eroft. Well — and 'twas to perpetuate my Name that I reduc'd this fine Structure to Ashes.

Demetr. A solid Argument! And d'ye think then, that for the sake of your Glory you may lawfully destroy the Works of another?

Eroft. Lawfully?—yes.—Vanity, which had erected this Temple by the Hands of another Man, has been able, you see, to ruin it by mine; and Vanity has a natural Right over all human Works whatever. 'Tis she has made 'em all, and can unmake 'em

'em again when she pleases. Nor ought the greatest States to murmur at their being subverted by her, if she finds but her Account in't, since they can't pretend to any Original independent of Vanity. Suppose, for Example, some King shou'd have a Whim to honour the Funerals of his Horse by causing the Town *Bucephalia* to be ras'd to the Ground; wou'd this be an Injustice to it? Not the least, in my Opinion; for the Place had ne'er been built, but to preserve the Memory of *Bucephalus*, and its very Being is appropriated to the Honour of Horses.

Demetr. So then, at this rate, there's nothing secure; not Men themselves, for ought I see.

Eroft. True — Vanity sports her self with their Lives, as well as with the rest of the Universe; a Father leaves as many Brats as he can get, to keep up his Name; a Conqueror, to perpetuate his, destroys as many Men as he is able.

Demetr. I don't wonder to hear *Erostratus* muster up all his Arguments in Defence of Destroyers. But when all's said, if to demolish the Monuments of another's Glory, be one Way to establish our own, I'm sure 'tis of all Ways the most ignoble.

Eroft. I can't tell that; but let it be as ignoble a Way as 'twill, there's a Necessity some shou'd take it.

Demetr.

Demetr. Necessity?

Eroft. Yes. The Earth is like a huge Table-Book, in which every one is fond of writing his Name. Now when the Book's full, some of the Names must be rubb'd out, to make Room for New: If all the Monuments of the Antients stood to this Day, the World wou'd be quite choak'd up with 'em, and the Moderns wou'd have no Room left for theirs. How cou'd you be such a silly Oaf as to flatter your self that your three hundred and sixty Statues shou'd keep their Pedestals long? Don't you see now, if you have any Conscience, that your Glory took up too much Place?

Demetr. But what a pitiful Vengeance was that of *Demetrius Poliorcetes*! When once my Statues were up, a Body wou'd think he had e'en as good have let 'em alone.

Eroft. Right! And before that, had not you e'en as good have let all alone, and never have set 'em up? 'Tis these Passions do and undo every thing, and make all the Bustle in the World. You'd have nothing done upon Earth, if Reason govern'd all. Pilots, they say, are most afraid of those calm Seas where they can't make Sail, but are desirous of a Wind, tho' with the Hazard of a Tempest. Thus

D

Passions

Passions among Men are the Winds that are necessary to give all things Motion, tho' at the same time they occasion many a Hurricane.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Callirhea *and* Paulina.

PAULINA.

WELL, for my part, I'm of Opinion that a Woman's in bodily Danger from the first Moment she's passionately belov'd. What Tricks will not an ardent Lover contrive to compass his Ends? I had a long time resisted the Importunity of *Mundus*, tho' he was a gallant young *Roman*, and exceeding handsome; but when Prayers and Tears cou'd not prevail, he got the Victory by a Stratagem. I was a mighty Devotee to the God *Anubis*: The Priestess of this God comes and tells me one Day that the Deity was enamour'd with me, and requir'd me to meet him in his Temple. The Mistress of *Anubis*!—you may judge how proud I was of that Honour; I was punctual to the Assignation, and was receiv'd with sufficient Demonstrations

monstrations of Tendernefs. Now to tell you the Truth, this *Anubis* prov'd to be *Mundus*. But alas, how cou'd I resist? Some Women, they say, have granted the Favour to Gods in the Shape of Men, and sometimes of Beasts. I'm sure there's more Reason to yield to Men in the Shape of Gods.

Call. Why really the Men have a World of Tricks; I'm sure I may say so by Experience, for I had just such another put upon me. I was a *Trojan* Lass, and upon the point of Matrimony, when, according to the Custom of the Place, I went attended with a numerous Train, and trick'd up in all my best, to offer my Virginity, forsooth, to the River *Scamander*. As soon as I made him the Compliment, out comes *Scamander* from among the Rushes, and takes me at my Word. I thought it a mighty Honour, I assure you, and so did every one besides, not excepting my dear Spouse that was to be. All were held in a most respectful Silence. My Companions secretly envy'd my Happiness, and *Scamander* withdrew into his Rushes again when he thought 'twas Time. But how was I surpris'd when I met this *Scamander* afterward in a little Village, and came to know that he was an *Athenian* Admiral who had a Squadron of Ships upon that Coast!

Paul. What! you thought 'twas *Scamander* himself then?

Call. Yes; d'ye question it?

Paul. And was it the Custom, I pray, in your Country for the River to accept the Offers which the Maids that were going to be marry'd made to him?

Call. No; perhaps if it had they wou'd not have been made. The River was modestly content with the Civility they express'd for him, and did not abuse it.

Paul. You ought then to have been very suspicious of your *Scamander*.

Call. Why so? Might not a young Virgin imagine that all who went before had not Beauty enough to please the God? or that they only mock'd him with false Offers, which he did not think worth his Notice? 'Tis natural for Women to flatter themselves. But you that are so severe upon me for being trick'd by *Scamander*, were your self trick'd by *Anubis*.

Paul. Not so much trick'd neither. I had some small Suspensions that *Anubis* might be a simple Mortal.

Call. And yet you went to meet him!—Why, this is inexcusable.

Paul. What wou'd you have? I had heard 'twas affirm'd by all the Wise, that if we did not favour our own Deception we shou'd taste very little Pleasure.

Call.

Call. Very good! Favour our own Deception!——but probably they did not understand it in that Sense. Their Meaning was, that the most agreeable Objects in the World are at the Bottom so flight, that they wou'd scarce affect us at all, if we made the least serious Reflections on 'em. Pleasures are not form'd for severe Examination, and we are continually forc'd to help 'em out in many things, about which 'twou'd be foolish to make our selves scrupulous. This is what the Wise you mention'd——

Paul. And this is what I wou'd say too: Had I been scrupulous in the Case of *Anubis*, I had quickly found he was no God; but I took his Divinity upon Trust, not caring to examine that matter too curiously. And where is the Lover whose Passion we shou'd admit, if it were first to pass the Test of our Reason?

Call. Mine was not so strict; a Lover might have been found, whom my Reason wou'd have allow'd me to love; and in short, we can easier believe our selves courted by a sincere and faithful Man, than by a God.

Paul. In earnest 'tis almost the same. I shou'd just as soon have been persuaded that *Mundus* was a God, as that he was faithful and constant.

Call. Fy! — there's nothing more extravagant than what you say. If one cou'd believe that Gods may be in Love, yet no Body can think this happens often. But frequent Instances have been known of faithful Lovers who never divided their Hearts, but sacrific'd all to their Mistresses.

Paul. If you take the Lover's Cares, his officious Sacrifices, and entire Preference of his Mistress, for true Marks of Fidelity, then I confess you may find faithful Lovers enough. But this is not my way of reckoning; I strike out of the List all those whose Passion has not been long enough to have had the leisure to extinguish it self, nor happy enough to have had Cause for it; and I retain only those who have held good in spite of Time and in spite of Favours; and they are pretty near the same Number with the Gods that have fallen in Love with Mortals.

Call. Still there must be some Fidelity found, even according to this Notion. For let a Man tell a Woman he's a God captivated by her Merit, she laughs in his Face; let him swear to be faithful, she believes him presently. And what's the Reason for this Difference, but only that there are Examples of the latter, and not one of the former.

Paul.

Paul. As for Examples, I believe the thing is upon a level. But the Reason why we yield not to the Deception of taking a Man for a God is, because 'tis not encourag'd by the Heart. A Woman can never be persuaded that her Lover is a Deity, because she does not desire he shou'd be one; but she wishes him faithful, and therefore believes him so.

Call. You jest sure; what! all Women, I warrant, wou'd take their Lovers for Gods, if they wish'd 'em such?

Paul. I dare swear they wou'd; — if this Error had been necessary in Love, Nature wou'd certainly have dispos'd our Heart to inspire it. The Heart is the Source of all the Errors we have occasion for, and in this matter denies us nothing.

D I A L O G U E IX.

*Candaulus and Giges.**C A N D A U L U S.*

THE more I think on't, the more I'm convinc'd there was no Necessity you shou'd have murder'd me.

Giges. What cou'd I do? The next Day after you had given me a View of the Queen's secret Beauties, she sent for me, and telling me she had discover'd that you brought me the Night before into her Chamber, made me a fine Speech upon the Injury done to her Modesty, in Conclusion of which she told me I must prepare to die, or to kill you and marry her out of hand; for she pretended, her Honour requir'd either that I shou'd enjoy what I had seen, or be put out of Capacity of boasting the Sight. I understood her Meaning: The Injury was not so great but she might have dissembl'd it, and her Honour might have let you live, if she had pleas'd; but to be free, she was surfeited with you, and was overjoy'd with a Pretext of Glory to get rid of her Husband. Now you must grant me, that, of the Alternative she propos'd, I had but one way to choose.

Cand.

Cand. I'm violently afraid you were more charm'd with her, than she was surfeited with me: What an inconsiderate Fool was I, that did not foresee the Effects of her Beauty upon you, but took you for an honefter Man than you prov'd!

Gyges. Rather blame your self for having been so much transported with the Pleasure of being Husband to a fine Woman, that you cou'd not keep the Secret.

Cand. Then I shou'd blame my self for the most natural thing in the World. 'Tis impossible in extreme Happiness to conceal ones Joy.

Gyges. In the Happiness of a Lover 'twou'd be excusable, but yours was that of a Husband. To be indiscreet for a Mistress is no strange thing, but for a Wife! — And what delicious Notions wou'd People have of Marriage, if they were to form a Judgment of it by what you did!

Cand. But seriously, do you believe we can be satisfy'd with a Felicity no Body is Witness to? The bravest Men desire Spectators of their Bravery, and those who are happy wou'd be look'd upon as such, to perfect their Happiness. Nay, how do I know but they wou'd choose to have it less, provided it might appear more? 'Tis certain, we never make a Shew of our good Fortune, without a kind of Insult over

over others, in which we feel a mighty Satisfaction.

Gyges. According to your Notions, 'twou'd be very easie to revenge this Insult. A Man need but shut his Eyes, and refuse to others these Regards, or if you please these Sentiments of Emulation, which make Part of their Happiness.

Cand. I agree with you. I heard one of the Dead t'other Day, who had been King of *Persia*, relating a Story to this Purpose. He was carry'd Captive in Chains thro' the Metropolis of a great Empire. The victorious Emperor, attended with all his Court, was seated on a magnificent and lofty Throne: The Place was fill'd with infinite Crouds of People, and adorn'd with the utmost Care: Never was a more pompous Spectacle. When the King appear'd in the Rear of a long Procession of Captives and Spoils, he made a Stop just over-against the Emperor, and cry'd out, with an Air of Gayety,——*Folly! Folly! All is Folly!*——These few Words, he affirm'd, quite spoil'd the Emperor's Triumph; and I am so sensible of it, that I believe I shou'd scarce have been willing to triumph, on the same Terms, over my most formidable Enemies.

Gyges. Then you wou'd not have lov'd the Queen any longer if I had not thought
her

her handsome, but had cry'd out, when I saw her, — *Folly! Folly!*

Cand. I must confess 'twou'd have cruelly mortify'd my Husbandly Pride. Now you may judge by this that the Love of a beautiful Woman must flatter a Man very sensibly, and that Discretion is a most difficult Virtue.

Gyges. Hark ye — (tho' I'm dead my self, I will not say this to another of the Dead, but in his Ear) There's no such matter of Vanity to be drawn from the Love of a Mistress. Nature has so well establish'd the Commerce of Love, that Merit has not very much to do. For every Heart she has provided some other Heart, and has not taken Care always to rank together Persons worthy of Esteem. This is a very mix'd Affair, and Experience makes it but too plain that the Choice of a fine Woman argues little or nothing in Favour of the Man on whom it lights. Now these Reasons, in my Opinion, shou'd make Lovers discreet.

Cand. I dare assure you, the Women do not desire any such Discretion as is only founded upon the Principle of taking but little Pride in their Love.

Gyges. Is it not sufficient that a Man takes extream Pleasure in it? What I wou'd withdraw from Vanity, shou'd be added to Tendernefs.

Cand.

Cand. No——they wou'd not agree to it.

Gyges. But be pleas'd to consider, that when Pride enters into the Affair of Love, it spoils all. The Pride of the Women is first contrary to the Interest of their Lovers, and afterwards out of the Ruins of this Pride their Lovers compose another which is quite contrary to the Interest of the Women. And this is the Consequence of placing Pride where it ought not to be.

D I A L O G U E X.

Helen *and* Fulvia.

H E L E N.

I Must needs be satisfy'd in one thing which I was lately told here by *Augustus*. Is it true, *Fulvia*, that you entertain'd a small Inclination for him, and that, because he made no Returns to it, you provok'd *Marc Anthony* your Husband to raise a War against him?

Fulvia. Nothing's more true, my dear *Helen*! for among us Dead this Confession has no Consequences. *Marc Anthony* was in Love with *Cithierida* the Player, and I wou'd

wou'd fain have had my Revenge by making *Augustus* love me. But alas! *Augustus* was too nice: I happen'd to be a little of the oldest, and not handsome enough; and tho' I gave him to understand that for his slighting me he had drawn upon himself a Civil War, I cou'd not work him into the least Complaisance. I don't care if I repeat to you some Verses he made upon the Occasion, tho' I confess they are not much to my Credit. They are these——

*While from his Spouse the false Antonius
flies,
And dotes on soft Glaphira's brighter Eyes,
(For Glaphira you must know is the Play-
er's Poetical Name——)*

*Fulvia provok'd her Female Arts prepares,
Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her
Snares.*

*The Husband's false——But why must I
endure*

*This nauseous Plague? and her Revenge
procure?*

*What tho' she ask?——How blessed were
my Doom,*

*Shou'd all the discontented Wives of Rome
Repair in Crouds to me, when scorn'd at
home!*

'Tis

'Tis War, she says, if I refuse her Charms:
Let's think——She's ugly——Trumpets,
sound to Arms!

Helen. Then you and I occasion'd the two greatest Wars that perhaps ever happen'd; you that of *Anthony* and *Augustus*, and I that of *Troy*.

Fulvia. But with this Difference, that you caus'd the War of *Troy* by your Beauty, and I that of *Augustus* and *Anthony* by my Deformity.

Helen. But to balance that, you have one Advantage over me; for yours was certainly a much pleasanter War than mine. My Husband revenges the Affront put upon him by another's loving me, which is natural enough; yours revenges the Affront put upon you by another's not loving you: And that, I think, is a new Air in a Husband!

Fulvia. True. But *Anthony* did not know he made War for me, as your Husband knew he did for you; which is a piece of Folly that can never be forgiven him. For instead of *Menelaus's* marching with all *Greece* at his Heels, and besieging *Troy* for ten Years to force you from the Arms of *Paris*, is it not as plain as can be, that if *Paris* wou'd have resign'd you for ever, *Menelaus* ought to have sustain'd

stain'd a ten Years Siege in *Sparta* rather than have receiv'd you. In earnest, I think they were all out of their Wits, both *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The first were mad for demanding you, and the others yet madder for keeping you. How, in the Name of Wonder, cou'd so many Men of Worth sacrifice themselves to the Pleasures of an inconsiderate young Rake? I cou'd not forbear laughing when I read that Passage in *Homer*, where, after nine Years War, and a late Battel in which a world of Men were lost, a Council is held before *Priam's* Palace. There *Antenor* is for resigning you, and there was nothing, that I can see, to be oppos'd to it. They ought only to have curs'd their Folly for not thinking of it sooner. However, *Paris* is pleas'd to signifie that he does by no means approve the Proposal. And *Priam*, who (if you'll take *Homer's* Word for't) is a Match for the Gods in Wisdom, being in a mighty Perplexity to find his Council divided upon so curious a Question, and not able to resolve which Part to take, gives Orders that they shou'd all adjourn, and be gone to Supper.

Helen. There's one good thing at least in the *Trojan* War, and that is, The Ridiculous in it easily discovers it self. But the Civil War between *Augustus* and *Anthony*

thony does not appear what it is. When so many of the *Roman* Eagles were seen together in the Field, People little imagin'd that the Cause, which so cruelly animated 'em against one another, was *Augustus's* having coldly refus'd you the Favour.

Fulvia. Thus goes the World. We see very great Movements in it, but their Springs are often ridiculous enough. 'Tis very necessary for the Honour of the most considerable Events, that the Causes of 'em shou'd be conceal'd.

D I A L O G U E X L

Parmeniscus and Theocritus of Chios.

IN *this Dialogue Monsieur Fontenelle mentions the Cave of Trophonius; but because he has not explain'd the Story, and it seems very necessary that every one shou'd know it, in order to discern the Beauty of the Sentiments which allude to it, the Translator takes leave to prefix a short Account of it here.*

Trophonius was the Son of Apollo, and had a Temple erected in Honour of him, within a Wood near Labadia, a Town in Beotia, where, by the help of

of the Priests, he became famous for giving Oracles by Dreams. The Place, and the Ceremonies belonging to it, had something particularly fantastical: Whoever came to enquire his Fate was first oblig'd for several Days to pass thro' a long Formality of Charms, Ablutions, Expiations, and Sacrifices. The Priests inspected the Entrails of Beasts, to see whether he might be admitted to Audience, or no: If they thought fit to admit him, he was wash'd, drank of two Springs, was anointed with Oil, brought to worship the Statue of Trophonius, then dress'd in a Linnen Garment, and led to a Mountain inclos'd with Walls of White Marble, on which were several Brass Obelisks. Within was a Cave like the Mouth of an Oven, thro' which he descended by a Ladder. Here he was oblig'd to take in each Hand a Cake of Honey as a Charm for his Security; he laid himself on the Ground, and was suddenly dragg'd by the Feet, he knew not how, through another little Cave, where he was to receive the Oracle in a Trance. To conclude, he was dragg'd out again the same way; some Ceremonies pass'd to restore him to his Senses, as placing him in the Chair of the Goddess of Memory, and so the Farce ended. But what is particularly to be remark'd here, is, that 'twas said those who went into this

E

Cave

Cave lost, for a time, the Power of Laughing; an Opinion occasion'd by the Mysteriousness of the Solemnity, in which nothing was omitted that cou'd fill a weak Mind with all the Ideas of Fear and Superstition.

Those who have a Curiosity to read a more particular Account of this, may find it at large in Van Dale's Book de Oraculis, where he has admirably describ'd the private Avenues and Communication of the Vaults, and unravelled the whole Management of this Imposture.

T H E O C R I T U S.

And was you really never able to laugh, after you had descended into *Trophonius's Cave*?

Parmen. Never : I grew wonderfully serious.

Theocr. If I had known the Cave had that Virtue, I ought to have made a small Journey thither ! I had the ill Luck to laugh too much all my Time, and to pay for it too ; for my Life might have been longer if I had laugh'd less. I may thank an unhappy Jest for dispatching me hither. King *Antigonus* had but one Eye, and I had grievously offended him ; however, he promis'd to pass it all by, if I wou'd but appear before him. I was dragg'd along in

a manner by the Importunity of my Friends ; who, for my Encouragement, said to me, *Never fear, the King will forgive you ; and the Minute you present your self before his Eyes your Life's out of Danger.* Then farewel to you, said I, for if I am not pardon'd 'till I appear before his Eyes, I'm lost for ever. Now *Antigonus*, who was dispos'd to forgive my Crime, cou'd not forgive my Sarcasm, and so I lost my Head for being merry out of Season.

Parmen. I don't know whether I shou'd not have been glad with your Burlesque Humour, even at the Price you mention.

Theocr. And for me, what wou'd I have given to have had your Seriousness !

Parmen. Ah ! you little think what you wish for. I thought that Seriousness wou'd have been the Death of me. Nothing cou'd divert me, I did all I cou'd to force a Laugh, but in vain. Of all the Ridiculous that the World affords, I had not the least Enjoyment, for to me 'twas downright Sadness. In short, I was almost distracted with my sable Wisdom, when I went and pray'd the *Delphick* God to teach me some Means to laugh. He sends me in ambiguous Terms to the *maternal Pow'r* ; I thought he meant my Country, and so I posted back thither, yet that cou'd not relieve me. I began to think my Di-

stemper incurable, when by Chance I made a Journey to *Delos*. There I view'd with Admiration the Magnificence of *Apollo's* Temples, and the Beauty of his Statues. The God appear'd every where in shining Marble or Gold, and by the Hand of the greatest Masters of *Greece*. But I happen'd at last upon a *Latona* in Wood, wretchedly carv'd, and with the haggish Air of an ugly old Woman, and here I cou'd not hold from laughing, and very heartily too, at the Difference between the Mother and the Son. But you can't imagine how I was surpriz'd and ravish'd to think I had laugh'd, and then I understood the true Sense of the Oracle. To conclude, I had no Offerings to spare for the Gold or Marble *Apollo's*; the wooden *Latona* had all my Devotion. I can't tell you how often I sacrific'd to her, I besmoak'd her over and over with Incense; and if I cou'd have born the Expence, I had certainly built and consecrated a Temple TO LATONA THAT PROVOKES LAUGHTER.

Theocr. I shou'd think *Apollo* might have afforded you the Power of laughing, much easier than at his Mother's Expence. You might have seen Objects enough, as proper for that, as the wooden *Latona*.

Parmen. When we're out of Humour, we find that Men are not even worth the Pains

Pains of laughing at. They were made to be ridiculous, and if they are so, pray where's the Wonder? But a Goddess that's pleas'd to be so, is something extraordinary. *Apollo* wou'd probably convince me too, that my Malady was not to be reach'd by all the Force of Human Art, and that in this Extremity I needed the Assistance of the Deities.

Theocr. Yet this Mirth and Gayety you so passionately desir'd, is the much greater Evil. A whole Nation was once possess'd with it, and pay'd for't too, sufficiently.

Parmen. How? A whole Nation too much dispos'd to Mirth and Gayety?

Theocr. Yes. 'Twas the *Tirinthians*.

Parmen. Happy People!

Theocr. Happy? — Let me tell you, they were so incapable of Seriousness, even upon the most weighty Occasions, that every thing fell into the utmost Confusion. If they assembled in publick; instead of settling the State, their whole Discourse was Buffoonery. If they gave Audience to Ambassadors, they grinn'd in their Faces. If they held Councils, the Speeches of the gravest Senators were all Farce. And whatever was the Matter in hand, one reasonable Syllable, or a wise Action, was a Prodigy with 'em. In short, as great Fools as they were, they found the Plague

of this Droll Disposition, as much at least as you did of your Sadness, and to *Delphos* they went as well as you, but with a quite different Prayer, *viz.* to know how they shou'd recover a decent Gravity. The Oracle answer'd, if they cou'd sacrifice a Bull to *Neptune* without laughing, it shou'd be afterwards in their Power to become wiser. A Sacrifice, you'll own, is at all times no merry Business; yet ev'n for this, they had a World of Preparatives to make it more serious. They resolv'd to admit no young People to it, nor all sorts of old neither; but such only as were loaded with Diseases, or Debts, or plagu'd with bad Wives. When this choice Company was muster'd upon the Shore to solemnize the Sacrifice, notwithstanding the Wives, the Debts, the Diseases, and Age it self, they still stood in need of other Helps, and were forc'd to take a world of Pains to set their Countenances, to rivet their Eyes to the Ground, to knit their Brows, and bite their Lips; but as ill Luck wou'd have it, there was a little Boy crept among the Croud, and as they were driving him away according to Order, *Lord help ye,* says the Child, *d'ye think I'll swallow your Bull?* This Foolery ruin'd all, and undid the Charm of so many formal Grimaces. They burst into a mighty Laugh, the Sacrifice

crifice was disturb'd, and the *Tirinthians* remain'd as great Ideots as before. But certainly they were to blame, after their Bull fail'd 'em, that they did not think of this Cave of *Trophonius*, which had the wonderful Vertue of making People so serious, and produc'd so remarkable a Change in you.

Parmen. Shall I tell you truly now? I actually went into *Trophonius's* Cave; and yet the *Trophonius's* Cave which struck me with such a Melancholy, is quite another sort of Business.

Theocr. What is it then?

Parmen. 'Tis *Reflections*. I had made some, and I never laugh'd afterward. If the Oracle had prescrib'd that Specifick, the *Tirinthians* had been soon cur'd of their Jollity.

Theocr. I must own I don't well understand what *Reflections* are; but I can't imagine why they shou'd be so chagrin. Is it impossible to have any right Views but what at the same time must be dismal? Is Error only privileg'd to be gay, and is Reason made but to torture and destroy us?

Parmen. By what appears, 'tis not Nature's Intention that we shou'd think too refinedly, because she sells these Thoughts at so dear a Rate! You are for making *Reflections*, says she; but beware! — I'll

have my Revenge, by the Sadness they shall give you.

Theocr. But you don't tell me why Nature wou'd not have us pursue Reflections as far as they'll go?

Parmen. She has sent Men into the World to live in it; and to live, is to be for the most part of our Time wholly ignorant of what we are doing. When we discover the little Importance of all that employs or touches us, we rob Nature of her Secret; we are wise over much, and retain too little of Man; we think, and we cease from Action. And this is what Nature disallows.

Theocr. But the same Reason which helps you to think finer than others, condemns you however to act like them.

Parmen. You say right: There's a Reason that sets us above all things by Thoughts, and there must be another that brings us back to all again by Actions. But then, even at this Rate, were it not almost as much to the Purpose not to have thought at all?

DIALOGUE XII.

Marcus Brutus and Faustina.

M. BRUTUS.

HOW!—Is it possible that you took Pleasure in acting a thousand Infidelties against the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, a Husband that had all the Complaisance in the World for you, and who, without Dispute, was the very best Man in the *Roman* Empire?

Faust. And is it possible, that you assassinated so mild and moderate an Emperor, as *Julius Cæsar*?

M. Brutus. I meant to terrifie all Ufurpers by the Example of *Cæsar*, since his Mildness and Moderation cou'd not make him secure.

Faust. And suppose I shou'd tell you, I meant to frighten all Husbands, that noBody shou'd dare to think of being one, after the Example of *Marcus Aurelius*, whose Kindness was so ill repay'd?

M. Brutus. A very fine Design, that!—There's a Necessity there shou'd be Husbands, for, who shou'd govern the Women, I pray?—But *Rome* had no Occasion of being govern'd by *Cæsar*.

Fausti.

Faust. Who told you so? *Rome* began to have as odd Fancies and Humours as are charg'd upon the greater part of Women. She cou'd not live longer without any Master at all, nor yet cou'd she bear to have but one. Women are exactly of the same Character; and it must be granted too, that the Men are too jealous of their Sovereignty: They exercise it in Marriage, and that's a great deal, and they wou'd exercise it in Love too. When they require a Mistress shou'd be faithful, they mean, a Slave. The Dominion ought to be equally divided between the Lover and his Mistress, and yet it always passes from one side, and generally from the side of the Lover.

M. Brutus. You shew your self a notorious Rebel here, against our whole Sex.

Faust. I'm a *Roman*, and I have *Roman* Sentiments of Liberty.

M. Brutus. At this Rate I can assure you the World's full of *Romans*. But will you be pleas'd to own that *Romans* like me, are somewhat more rare.

Faust. So much the better. I believe no honest Man wou'd have done what you did, when you stabb'd your Benefactor.

M. Brutus. Nor do I believe any honest Woman wou'd have imitated your Conduct.

Conduct. As for mine, you can't deny that there was Firmness of Mind in it. It requir'd a good deal of Courage, to stand Proof against the Friendship which *Cæsar* had for me.

Faust. And d'ye think it requir'd less Courage to stand Proof against the good Nature and Patience of *Marcus Aurelius*? He saw, with Unconcern, all the Infidelities I play'd him. He wou'd not do me the Honour to be jealous, and he disappointed me of the Pleasure of cheating him. I was so enrag'd, that I had almost a Mind sometimes to turn honest, yet I made a shift always to preserve my self from that Weakness. And even after my Death, did not *Marcus Aurelius* affront me with building Temples, giving me Priests, and instituting in my Honour the *Faustinian* Feasts? And is not this very provoking, to persecute my Memory with an *Apotheosis*? to erect me into a Goddess?

M. Brutus. Well, I own I have no Notion of Woman! Were ever such fantastical Complaints heard of?

Faust. Why? — wou'd not you rather have been oblig'd to conspire against *Silla*, than against *Cæsar*? *Silla* might have provok'd your Indignation and Hatred to the highest Degree, by his extravagant Cruelty.

Cruelty. So shou'd I have been much better pleas'd to have put the Trick upon a jealous Man, as *Cæsar* for Example, whom we're talking of. He was possess'd with such an insupportable Vanity, that nothing wou'd content him unless he had the Empire of the whole Earth to himself, and his Wife to himself too; and because he saw *Clodius* shar'd one with him, and *Pompey* the other, he cou'd neither bear *Pompey* nor *Clodius*. Oh how happy shou'd I have been with *Cæsar*!

M. Brutus. 'Twas but this Moment you were for exterminating all Husbands, and now you are for choosing the very worst!

Faust. I am for having none at all; that so Women might be perpetually free. But if there must be some, why then, the worse the better, in my Judgment, for the sake of the Pleasure there is in recovering ones Liberty.

M. Brutus. And I think it most necessary for Women of your Temper, that there shou'd be Husbands. The Sentiment of Liberty is always more lively the more 'tis mingl'd with Spight.

FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES

OF THE

D E A D.

ANTIENT *and* MODERN.

FONTENELLE'S

DIALOGUES

OF THE

D. E. N. D.

ANTIENT AND MODERN

FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES
 OF THE
D E A D.

DIALOGUE I

Augustus, and Peter Aretin.

PETER ARETIN.

YES, I was a Wit in my Time, I assure you, and rais'd my self a considerable Fortune among Princes.

Aug. You compos'd many Works in Honour of 'em?

P. Are. Not a Syllable; I had a Pension from all the Princes of *Europe*, which had been

been impossible, if I had fool'd away my Time in scribbling Panegyricks. They were all at War together, the Consequence of which is, that when one Side beats, the other's beaten; and how shou'd I praise 'em all together?

Aug. What was it you did then?

P. Are. Lampoon 'em — They cou'd not all be put into a Panegyrick, but into a Satyr they might. In short, I had so spread abroad the Terror of my Name, that they were glad to pay me Tribute, to purchase the Liberty of playing the Fool in quiet. The Emperor *Charles V.* (of whom you must needs have heard here below) cou'd not be at rest 'till he went and got himself well beaten upon the Coast of *Africa*, and immediately after sends me a fine Chain of Gold. I took it, but with a sullen Look; — *What a pitiful Trifle is here*, said I, *for so great a Folly as he has committed!*

Aug. A very new way this, that you invented, to draw Mony from Princes.

P. Are. Had I not all the Reason in the World to expect a vast Fortune, by establishing my self a Revenue upon Folly? a Fund, which (let me tell you) can never be exhausted.

Aug. Yet when you have said all, Praising is the surest Trade, and consequently the best.

P. Are.

P. Are. What d'ye mean? — I had not Impudence enough.

Aug. And yet you had Impudence enough to make Satires upon Crown'd Heads?

P. Are. Under Favour, that's a different Case. In the Business of Satire there's no Necessity you shou'd always despise the Person you write against, but only lash him; whereas, in offering Fustian Praises, I think one can't avoid having mean Thoughts of the Persons they are put upon, and taking 'em in ones Heart for downright Bubbles. I wonder with what Face *Virgil* cou'd tell you 'twas a Matter in Debate, what Place you wou'd accept of among the Gods; whether you wou'd be pleas'd to take upon you the Charge of the Earth, or become a God of the Sea by espousing one of the Daughters of *The-tis*, who wou'd willingly give all her Waters for the Honour of your Alliance? Or, in fine, whether you wou'd take up your Apartment in Heav'n near the Scorpion, who possess'd two Places, but upon your Approach wou'd contract his Claws to make room for you?

Aug. You may spare your Wonder about *Virgil's* Face. People are not us'd to examine Praises so rigorously; they can help out the Letter, I warrant you, and

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the

the Modesty of the Addresser is sufficiently secur'd by the Self-Love of those to whom they are address'd. For it's as common a thing as can be to have People think they deserve Praises which are not given 'em, and how then shou'd they believe they don't deserve those that are?

P. Are. What! you'll take *Virgil's* Word for't then? and hope to marry a Sea-Nymph, or take up your Quarters among the Signs in the Zodiack?

Aug. No such Fool neither. In Praises of this kind we abate something to reduce 'em to a reasonable compass: But to confess freely, that Abatement is but small, and we always take care to secure our selves a good Bargain. In short, in what extravagant manner soever we are prais'd, we have the Benefit of thinking our selves superior to common Praise, and that 'tis purely our Merit forces those who praise us to exceed all Bounds. Alas! Vanity has a thousand shifts.

P. Are. I am convinc'd that one need not make any Difficulty of carrying Praises to the highest Excess; but for those at least that are contrary to one another, I wonder i' my Conscience how any Body can have the Boldness to offer 'em to Princes. I hold a Wager now, for Example, that if you had taken Vengeance upon

on your Enemies implacably, your whole Court wou'd have rung with Acclamations, that nothing in the World was more glorious than to thunder down all that had the Rashness to oppose you. And after this, when you had perform'd some Action of great Mildness, the Tune had been chang'd, and then, Vengeance!— 'tis the Appetite of Beasts, and all the Glory it carries is barbarous and inhuman! Thus they wou'd have prais'd one part of your Life at the Expence of t'other. Now I shou'd have been in a terrible Fear that you wou'd have turn'd the Banter upon me, and catch'd me by my own Words—And that you'd have said, *Choose me now which you please, Severity or Clemency, to draw the true Character of a Hero upon; but when you have done be sure you keep to your Choice.*

Aug. Why will you have one make so severe a Scrutiny? 'Tis convenient for great Persons, that all Matters shou'd be Problems for Flattery: Whatever they do they cannot miss of Praise; and if they are complimented upon Contraries, 'tis because they have more than one sort of Merit.

P. Are. Well, but had you never any Scruple about all those Elogies which were so unreasonably heap'd on you? Or was

there need of much refining, to perceive that they were only pinn'd upon your Quality? Praises make no Distinction of Princes: The greatest Heros have no more to their Share than others. But Posterity is just, and makes a Difference between those that are given to different Princes, by ratifying the one, and rejecting the other for vile Flattery.

Aug. You must grant me then at least that I merited the Praises I receiv'd, since 'tis certain Posterity has confirm'd 'em by its Judgment. Tho' at the same time I have a Quarrel against it too, because being accusom'd to regard me as the Model of Princes, in praising 'em it has commonly compar'd 'em to me, and I have often suffer'd by the Comparison.

P. Are. Take Comfort, I beseech you; you are not like to have this Cause of Complaint long. If it be true what all the Dead that come hither tell us of *Louis XIV.* now reigning in *France*, 'tis he will be look'd on hereafter as the Model of Princes; and I foresee, that in future Times the highest Compliment that can be made 'em will be to compare 'em to this mighty Prince.*

Aug.

* 'Tis impossible for an Englishman to translate this without a Remark. The Compliment is finely introduc'd, but smells strong of the Pension, which, as our Author says afterwards, is what spoils Virgil's to Augustus.

Aug. Very fine! Do you think that those, who shall make 'em so extravagant a Panegyrick, will be heard with Pleasure?

P. Are. 'Tis very possible: Men are so covetous of Praise, that they can dispense with Truth, Justice, and every thing else that shou'd season and qualifie it.

Aug. It's plain then you are for abolishing all Praises whatever. If only such must be allow'd as are just, who d'ye think will give 'em?

P. Are. All those who wou'd praise without Design, and such are the only proper Persons. What gives such a Value to your *Virgil's* admirable Encomium of *Cato*, when he makes him preside over the Assembly of pious Souls, who are separated from the rest in the *Elysian* Fields, — 'Tis this — *Cato* was dead, and *Virgil* had no Expectations from him, or any of his Family — And what spoils all his Praises of you in the beginning of his *Georgicks*? — The Pension he receiv'd from you.

Aug. Then have I thrown away a World of Mony upon Praise!

P. Are. I'm sorry for't. You shou'd ha'done as one of your Successors did, who, upon his coming to the Empire, immediately forbad all Persons, by an express Edict, the Liberty of making Verses on him.

Aug. Alas! he was wiser than I; and I am sensible now that those are by no means the truest Praises which they present to us, but those only which we extort from 'em.

D I A L O G U E II.

Sappho *and* Laura.

L A U R A.

IT'S true that the Amours we both have been engag'd in have been accompany'd by the Muses, which render'd 'em very agreeable; but with this difference it seems, that whereas you made Verses on your Lovers, I had Verses made on me by mine.

Sap. Very well! you wou'd tell me I was as violent a Lover as you were belov'd.

Lau. That may be without a Miracle. For I know our Sex is generally more inclin'd to Tenderness than the Men. But what shocks me is this: You made no Scruple of telling all your Mind, and making such broad Signs to those you had a Kindness for!—In short, you openly invaded 'em with your Poetry; whereas the Woman's part is to be upon the Defensive.

Sap.

Sap. To be free with you, I was provok'd at that impertinent Custom. The Men have abus'd us, and left us the hardest Part; for 'tis much easier to attack than to defend.

Lau. Let's not complain, I beseech you; since our Part has its Advantages. The besieg'd, you know, may surrender at Discretion, but the Besiegers can't carry the Town when they please.

Sap. You might have said, on t'other side, that when the Men attack us, 'tis because they have an Inclination to attack us. But when we defend (you know)—we han't over much Inclination to it.

Lau. What do you make nothing of the Pleasure of observing from so many soft Addresses, so long continu'd, and so often renew'd, how very highly they value the Conquest of your Heart?

Sap. And do you make nothing of the Pain of resisting these soft Addresses? They see with Pleasure how they succeed by the Advances they make upon us. But as to our Resistance, shou'd that succeed (otherwise than we design) o'my Conscience 'twou'd break our Hearts.

Lau. But however, tho' after a troublesome Attendance, they have a Right to be Conquerors at last, yet you do 'em a Favour in acknowledging 'em such. And

tho' you can't hold out any longer, yet ev'n your Weakness lays 'em under Obligations.

Sap. But with your Leave, for all that, a Victory on their side is still a Defeat on ours. All the Pleasure they taste in being lov'd, is their Triumph over the Person that loves 'em; and a happy Lover is only happy in this, that he is the Conqueror.

Lau. What? wou'd you have had a Law then, that the Women shou'd attack the Men?

Sap. What a Pother you make about attacking and defending! one wou'd think you were born in a Siege. Why can't they meet one another half way, and love upon the Square?

Lau. Oh Matters wou'd be dispatch'd too soon by half, and Love is so agreeable a Commerce, that we shou'd spin it out as long as we can. 'Twere a Jest indeed, if as soon as the Question were put on one side, t'other shou'd be ready with a *Yes I thank you!* Then what becomes of all the solicitous Endeavours of pleasing? of the Inquietudes, and Regret for not having pleas'd more? the Officious Ardour in seeking the happy Moment? in a Word, all that agreeable Intercourse and Mixture of Pleasure and Pain which makes the Soul
of

of an Amour? For strip it of these, and there is nothing more insipid than plain Love for Love.

Sap. A fine Story! If Love must needs be a sort of Combat, I wou'd much rather put the Men upon the Guard. Did you not own that our Sex has more Disposition to Tenderness? It follows then, they wou'd attack better.

Lau. True; but the other, wou'd defend too well. And when 'tis affirm'd that some Resistance must be made on one side or t'other, 'tis meant so much only as will relish the Victory to those that attack, but by no means so much as to repel 'em. One shou'd not be so weak as to surrender at first Sight, nor so stout as not to surrender at all. This now is the proper Character of our Sex, and cannot so well agree to the Men: And, take my Word for't, when we have reason'd and refin'd all we can, upon Love, or any other Matter, we shall find at the Foot of the Account, that things are better much as they are; and that in offering to mend 'em, we shou'd spoil 'em utterly.

D I A-

DIALOGUE III.

Socrates and Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE.

TIS you then, divine *Socrates*! How I'm transported to see you! I am but newly come into these Parts, and immediately upon my Arrival I made it my Business to find you out. In short, after having fill'd my Book with your Name and Praises, I have now the happy Opportunity of your Conversation, and of informing myself from you, by what Means you became possess'd of such a native Virtue, the Motions of which were all so unaffected, and which had no such Example before it, ev'n in that happy Age in which you liv'd.

Socr. I am very well pleas'd to meet with one of the Dead, that seems to have been a Philosopher. But because you are lately come from above, and 'tis a long time since I've seen any Person here (for they leave me lonely enough, and I have no Crouds, I'll assure you, that press for my Conversation) therefore give me leave to ask you what News? How goes the World? Is it not mightily chang'd?

Mont. Extreemly; you wou'd not know it.

Socr.

Socr. I'm ravish'd to hear it; I was always of Opinion it must of necessity grow better and wiser, than 'twas in my Days.

Mont. What d'ye mean? Why 'tis ten times more foolish and corrupt than ever; that's the Change I speak of; and I expected to hear from you the History of the Times which you have seen, in which there reign'd so much Honesty and Integrity.

Socr. On the contrary, I was prepar'd to hear Wonders of the Age, in which you have just finish'd your Life. What! Have not Men by this time shaken off the Follies of Antiquity?

Mont. You're an Antient your self, and for that Reason, I suppose, make so bold with Antiquity: But be assur'd that Men's Manners are at present a large Subject of Lamentation, and that all things degenerate daily

Socr. Is't possible? I thought in my Time things went as perversly as cou'd be, and was in hopes that at last they wou'd fall into a more reasonable Train — and that Men wou'd have made their Advantage of so many Years Experience.

Mont. Alas! What Regard have they to Experience? Like silly Birds, they suffer themselves to be taken in the same Nets that have caught a hundred thousand of their

their Kind already. There's not one but enters a perfect Novice upon the Stage of Life; the Follies of the Fathers are all lost upon their Children, and do not serve to instruct 'em at all.

Socr. But what's the Reason of this? I shou'd think that surely the World, in its old Age, ought to become wiser and more regular than 'twas in its Youth.

Mont. Mankind has, in all Ages, the same Inclinations, over which Reason has not the least Power. So that to the World's End there will be Follies, and the same Follies too, as long as there are Men.

Socr. Then why wou'd you put a greater Value upon the Ages of Antiquity, than upon this present Age?

Mont. Ah! *Socrates*! I know you to have a particular Mastery in the Art of Reasoning, and to be able so ingeniously to beset those, with whom you dispute, with Arguments whose Consequences they do not foresee, that you can lead 'em whither you please. This is what may be call'd playing the Midwife to their Thoughts; I'm sure I find my self deliver'd of a Proposition directly opposite to what I had advanc'd, and yet I cannot give up the Controversie neither. 'Tis certain we find not now any of those robust and vigorous Souls of Antiquity: Shew me an

Aristides,

Aristides, a *Phocion*, a *Pericles*, or to name one for all—a *Socrates*.

Socr. Why what hinders? Is it because Nature's exhausted, and has not Spirits left to produce such great Souls—If so, why is she yet exhausted in nothing else, but in reasonable Men? None of her other Works are degenerated, and how comes it then to pass that Mankind is degenerated alone?

Mont. That they are degenerated is Matter of Fact: It appears to me as if Nature had sometimes shewn such great Men to the World, as Patterns of what she cou'd produce if she pleas'd, and after that form'd all the rest with Negligence enough.

Socr. Take care you are not deceiv'd: Antiquity is an Object of a peculiar kind; its Distance magnifies it: Had you but known *Aristides*, *Phocion*, *Pericles* and my self, (since you are pleas'd to place me in the Number) you wou'd certainly have found some to match us in your own Age. That which commonly possesses People so in Favour of Antiquity, is their being out of Humour with their own Times, and Antiquity takes Advantage of their Spleen; they cry up the Antients in Spight to their Cotemporaries. Thus when we liv'd we esteem'd our Ancestors more than they deserv'd; and, in Requital, our Posterity esteem

us at present more than we deserve. But yet our Ancestors, and we, and our Posterity, are all upon the Level; and, I believe, the Prospect of the World wou'd be very dull and tiresome to any one that shou'd view it in a true Light, because 'tis always the same.

Mont. I shou'd have thought the World was always in Motion, that every thing chang'd, and that Ages, like Men, had their different Characters: And, in Effect, do we not see that some Ages are learned, and others illiterate; some barbarous, others polite; some serious, others whimsical; some ingenious, and others stupid?

Socr. True.

Mont. And consequently are not some more virtuous, and others more wicked?

Socr. That does not follow. Men change their Habits, but not the Form of their Bodies. Politeness, Barbarism, Learning or Ignorance, more or less Plainness, the grave Genius or the Buffoon; all these are no more than the Dress, the Outside of Mankind; and these indeed are chang'd. But the Heart, which is the Man himself, does not change at all. People are ignorant in one Age, but Learning may come into Fashion in the next. People are interested, but Disinterest will never be the Mode. Among the prodigious Number
of

of Men irrational enough, that are born in a hundred Years, Nature produces it may be thirty or forty rational; and these, like a prudent Administratrix, she's oblig'd to disperse thro' all the Earth, and I leave you to judge, if they are like, to be found in any Place in Numbers sufficient to bring Virtue and Integrity into Fashion.

Mont. But is this Distribution of rational Men made with Equality? Some Ages, in all Probability, have been better us'd in the Dividend than others.

Socr. Nature, without question, acts always with exact Regularity, but we have not the Skill to judge as she acts.

DIA-

DIALOGUE IV.

Adrian the Emperor, and Margaret
of Austria.

MARGARET of AUSTRIA.

WHAT's the Matter, I beseech you?
I see you're in a Heat.

Adri. I have just now been engag'd in a
fierce Dispute with *Cato* of *Utica*, con-
cerning the manner of our Deaths; and I
maintain'd that in this last Scene I shew'd
more of a Philosopher than he.

M. of Au. How! you had a World of
Assurance, upon my Word, that you durst
encounter a Death so famous as his. Could
any thing be more glorious than to order
Affairs with that Wisdom in *Utica*, to
make his Friends secure, and then kill
himself that he might expire with the Li-
berty of his Country, and avoid falling in-
to the Hands of a Conqueror, from whom
he was yet certain to have receiv'd a Par-
don?

Adri. Oh! if you examine strictly,
you'll find there's enough to be objected to
this Death. In the first Place he was so
long preparing for it, and with Efforts so
visible

visible, that there was not a Man in *Utica* but knew that *Cato* was about to kill himself. Secondly, Before he durst venture upon the Stroke, he was forc'd to read several times over *Plato's* Dialogue concerning the Immortality of the Soul. Thirdly, This Design had put him so out of Humour, that being in Bed, and missing his Sword from under his Pillow (for in Suspicion of what he was about to do, his Friends had remov'd it) he call'd one of his Slaves to ask him for it, and gave the poor Fellow such a Blow on the Face with his Fist, that he broke his Teeth, and brought back his Hand all bloody.

M. of Au. 'Twas an unlucky Blow I must own, and quite spoils this Philosophical Death.

Adri. You can't imagine what a Noise he made about the taking away his Sword, and how he upbraided his Sons and his Domesticks, that they intended to deliver him bound Hand and Foot to *Cæsar*. In fine, he rav'd at 'em to that degree, that they were forc'd to be gone out of his Chamber, and leave him to kill himself.

M. of Au. Truly there was no need of so much ado about the Matter; he might have had Patience 'till the next Day, and then have effected it as he pleas'd. Nothing's easier than to pass out of the World

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when

when one is resolv'd to stay no longer in it. But it's probable the Measures he took were so exactly proportion'd to his Constancy, that there was a Necessity of killing himself just at that Instant; and if he had deferr'd it but a Day longer, perhaps he had not done it at all.

Adri. You say right, and, I perceive, know how to judge of a generous Death.

M. of Au. But then they tell us, that after his Sword was brought to him, and every Body withdrawn, *Cato* fell fast asleep, and snor'd. This indeed look'd very serene and handsome.

Adri. But d'ye believe it? He had been bawling and tearing, and laying about him like a Madman at his Servants; and, after such a rough Exercise, People don't use to fall asleep so serenely. Besides, the Hand he struck the Slave with pain'd him too much to let him sleep, for he cou'd not bear the Anguish of it, but had it bound up by a Surgeon, tho' he was just upon the Point of killing himself: In short, from the time they brought him his Sword, 'till Midnight, he read twice over *Plato's* Dialogue. And then I cou'd prove, by an Entertainment he gave all his Friends in the Evening, by a Walk he took afterward, and by all that pass'd 'till they left him alone in his Chamber, that when they brought

brought him his Sword 'twas very late; besides, the Dialogue he read is very long, and consequently he slept but little, if at all. In truth, I have a shrewd Suspicion that he only snor'd with his Eyes open, that he might have the Honour of it, and to impose upon such as were list'ning at his Chamber-Door.

M. of Au. I think your Criticisms upon his Death are not amiss, which however has still remaining in it something very Heroick. But upon what Grounds can you pretend yours exceeds it? By all that I can remember you dy'd in your Bed, in a very plain Manner, and not at all remarkable.

Adri. How!--Pray are not these Verses remarkable, which I made just at my last Breath?

O Animula, vagula, blandula!
Quæ nunc abibis in Loca,
Pallida, lurida, timidula?
Nec ut soles dabis Joca.

My little Soul! dost thou yet know,
Thou gentle flutt'ring Fondling,
To what Places thou must go.
All naked, pallid, trembling?
Where thou no more shalt joke and sing.

Cato entertain'd Death too seriously; but, you see, I made a Jest of it. And 'tis in this I pretend my Philosophy went far beyond *Cato's*. 'Tis not half so hard to bully Death with Fierceness, as carelessly to railly it; nor to receive it handsomly when we call it to our Aid, as when it comes unsent for, and without our occasion for't.

M. of Au. I must own your Death had a better Grace than *Cato's*. But, by ill Luck, I had never observ'd those Verses in which all the Beauty of it consists.

Adri. Why that now is the Humour of the World! *Cato* tore out his Bowels, rather than he'd fall into the Hands of the Enemy; this, perhaps, is no such mighty Matter at the Bottom. Yet such a Passage looks very bright in the History, and every Body's smitten with it. When another Person makes his *Exit* so easily, as to be in Humour for composing jocular Verses upon his Death, 'tis more in reality than what *Cato* did; yet, because there's nothing in it that dazles, History scarce makes any Account of it.

M. of Au. Alas! there's nothing truer than what you say; I know it by Experience. For I myself, who am talking with you at this Instant, make Pretences to a handsomer Death than yours, which however has made less Noise. I can't say, indeed,

'twas

'twas an absolute Death, but such as 'tis, it exceeds yours, which exceeds *Cato's*.

Adri. How! — what d'ye mean?

M. of Au. I was an Emperor's Daughter, and was contracted to a King's Son, who, after the Death of his own Father, very civilly sent me back to mine, in spite of his solemn Promise to marry me. After that I was contracted to the Son of another King; and, as I was going to my Spouse by Sea, the Vessel which carry'd me was surpriz'd in a prodigious Storm, which put my Life in extream Danger. In the midst of the Tempest I made this Epitaph for my self.

*The Royal Margaret here is laid,
Who marry'd twice, yet dy'd a Maid.*

Now to be plain with you, I did not die at that time, but that was not my Fault. Do but imagine such a sort of Death as this, and you'll be satisfy'd. *Cato's* Constancy is irregular in one Kind, and yours in another; but mine is all pure Nature. He was too Romantick, you had too much Buffoonery, but I was reasonable.

Adri. What! you reproach me with having fear'd Death too little?

M. of Au. I do — 'Tis not likely a Man shou'd be without any Concern at his Death; and I'll pawn my Soul that you put as great a Force upon your self to strain your Jest, as *Cato* did to tear out his Bowels. I expected every Moment to be cast away, yet without Terror, and I compos'd my Epitaph in cool Blood. This now is very extraordinary; and if there were no Circumstances to qualifie the Story, there wou'd be Reason to reject it for a Fable, or to think, at least, 'twas all a Strain of Ostentation. But let it be consider'd, that I was at the same time a poor young Lady twice contracted, and yet had before my Eyes the Misfortune of dying a Maid: I express my Concern for it, and this gives an Air of Truth to my Story, as much as you can demand. Now your Verses, if you mind 'em, have no Meaning; they are a meer Jingle made up of little foolish Expressions. But mine carry a clear Sense, which gives Satisfaction upon the first reading, and shews that Nature speaks in 'em, more than in yours.

Adri. In good Faith, I shou'd ne'er have thought that your Melancholy, about carrying your Virginity along with you, ought to be a Matter of such Glory to you.

M. of Au. Look you — you may railly upon it as you please; but my Death (if
it

it may properly be call'd so) has yet another essential Advantage over *Cato's* and yours. You had both medl'd with Philosophy so much in your Lives, that you were engag'd, upon Honour, not to be afraid of Death; and if your Fear might have been allow'd you, I don't know how you'd have behav'd your selves. But for me, as long as the Storm lasted, I had a Woman's Right to tremble, and shriek 'till my Cries reach'd Heav'n it self, and no Body cou'd have found Fault, or esteem'd me the less for it. And yet, as I told you, I was so compos'd as to write my Epitaph.

Adri. Hark ye — betwixt you and I, was it not writ ashore?

M. of Au. Pshaw — this Criticising is the Devil — Did I serve you so about your Verses?

Adri. Well, I'll take 'em upon trust then — and I will yield you the Point, that Virtue is then greatest, when she does not exceed the Bounds of Nature.

G 4 DIA

DIALOGUE V.

Erasistratus and Harvey.

ERASISTRATUS.

IN Truth you inform me of very strange Things here—How!—Does the Blood Circulate, say you? Do the Veins carry it from the extream Parts of the Body to the Heart, and the Heart discharge it into the Arteries, which convey it back again to the Extremities?

Har. I have given so many Experimental Proofs of this, that no Body questions it any longer.

Eras. Why then, it seems, we Physicians of Antiquity were strangely deceiv'd, who fancy'd that the Blood had only a very slow Motion from the Heart towards the Extremities of the Body; and the World's oblig'd to you for abolishing this antient Error.

Har. I think I have a Right to pretend so, and this Obligation ought to be acknowledg'd the greater, in that I am the Person who, by this means, have open'd the way for all the curious Discoveries which are made at present in Anatomy. Since I have found out the Circulation of the Blood, 'tis now a Matter of Emulation
who

who shall find out a new Conveyance, a new Canal, or a new Reservatory: It appears as if the whole Man were new cast. Behold then what Advantages our Modern Art of Physick has over yours! You undertook to cure the Body of Man, which at the same time you were utter Strangers to.

Eraſi. I confeſs, the Moderns are better Naturaliſts than we, but not better Phyſicians; we cur'd Diſeaſes as well as they. I wiſh I cou'd have given all theſe Gentlemen (and your ſelf in chief) Prince *Antiochus* to cure of his quartan Ague: You know, I ſuppoſe, what Courſe I took; and how I diſcover'd, by his Pulse, which beat higher than ordinary in the Preſence of *Stratonice*, that he was deſperately in Love with that beautiful Queen, and that his Diſtemper was entirely cauſ'd by his Violence upon himſelf in endeavouring to conceal his Paſſion; yet I perform'd ſo difficult and conſiderable a Cure as that, without knowing any thing of the Blood's Circulation: And I dare ſwear that you, with all the Aſſiſtance of this Knowledge, wou'd have been ſufficiently puzzl'd in my Place, and have found an untoward Piece of Work on't. There was no occaſion for new Canals, or new Reſervatories: The moſt neceſſary thing to be known in the Patient was the Heart.

Har.

Har. But, with Submission, the Heart is not always the matter to be consider'd, nor are all sick Persons in Love with their Mothers-in-Law, like *Antiochus*. I make no Question but, for want of knowing that the Blood Circulates, you have let abundance of People die under your Hands.

Erafi. You think then your Modern Discoveries of great use?

Har. Most certainly.

Erafi. Then, if you please, answer me this small Question — Why do we see as great Numbers of the Dead flock hither daily, as ever?

Har. Oh! that's their own Fault, not the Physicians.

Erafi. But this Circulation, these Pipes and Canals, these Reservatories — What, do all these fine things cure nothing?

Har. Perhaps the World has not had Leisure yet to apply to particular Uses what has been but newly discover'd. However, 'tis impossible but that in time it will produce very great Effects.

Erafi. No such Revolutions, take my Word for't. There is a certain Measure of useful Knowledge, which Men attain'd early, which has receiv'd but small Additions, and beyond which they shall never be able to advance much, if at all. Such is their Obligation to Nature, for
having

having presented 'em so very easily with what was their greatest Concern to know: For, indeed, they must have suffer'd extremely, if she had left the Discovery of it to the slow Researches of their Reason. But other things, which are not of such Necessity, open themselves by little and little, and in a long Process of Time.

Har. 'Twou'd be strange, if knowing Man better shou'd not be a help to cure him better: At this rate who wou'd be at the trouble of bringing to Perfection the Science of Anatomy?—'Twere better to let it all alone.

Eraf. No—that wou'd be to lose a great many very agreeable Speculations. But for any thing of use, I believe that to find out a new Conduit in Man's Body, or a new Star in the Heav'ns, is much the same. Nature has ordain'd, that at appointed Seasons Men shou'd succeed to one another by the means of Death: Yet she gives 'em fair Play for their Lives, and suffers 'em, for a certain Space, to defend 'em as well as they can. But, beyond this, let 'em make what Discoveries they please in Anatomy, or penetrate ever so exactly into the human Fabrick, 'tis in vain, Nature will not be baffl'd; they must submit to her Law, and die after the ordinary rate.

DIALOGUE VI.

Berenice and Cosmo the Second of Medicis.

COSMO of MEDICIS.

I Have just now been inform'd, by some of the Learned lately come hither, of a Piece of News very afflicting to me. You must know, *Galileo*, my Mathematician, discover'd some Planets which make their Course round *Jupiter*, and in Honour of me he nam'd 'em *The Stars of Medicis*: But I am told they are no longer known by that Appellation, but are call'd plainly the *Satellites Jovis*. The World sure is grown very malicious, and envious of one's Glory.

Beren. For certain; I have scarce known more remakable Effects of its Malignity.

Cosmo. Ay—you may say so without Concern, since you had much better Luck than I. You made a Vow to cut off your Hair, if *Ptolomy* your Husband return'd victorious from I know not what War; which he did, having quite defeated the Enemy. You consecrated your Locks in a Temple of *Venus*, and the next Day a Mathematician was pleas'd to make 'em vanish,

vanish, conjur'd 'em up into Heaven, and proclaim'd that they were metamorphos'd into a Constellation, which he call'd *Berenice's Hair*. To make Stars pass for a Woman's Hair was far meaner than to call new Planets by the Name of a Prince; yet your Hair has found Success, while my poor *Stars of Medicis* have had no Fortune at all.

Beren. If I cou'd make over my Cœlestial Hair to you, it shou'd be freely at your Service, to comfort you: And I'll assure you, I'd be so generous too as to make no Pretences of your being much oblig'd to me for it.

Cosmo. I shou'd think it a very considerable Present tho'; and I wish with all my Soul, my Name were as secure of Immortality as yours.

Beren. Alas! if all the Constellations bore my Name, what were I the better? That wou'd remain above in Heav'n, but I shou'd be as much below here as ever. Mankind is very fantastical, they can't steal themselves away from Death, but they wou'd steal from her two or three Syllables, which belong to her. A very pretty Trick they think to put upon her! Wou'd it not be much better if they compos'd themselves for Death with a good Grace,

Grace, and quietly yielded her up both themselves and their Names?

Cosmo. I'm not of your Mind. People are for dying as little as possible, and all mortal as they are, they wou'd fasten upon Life still by Marble Figures, Heaps of Stone, and Inscriptions upon a Monument. These are the things which, like drowning Men, they grasp at.

Beren. But alas here's the Misfortune! These very things which shou'd secure us from Death, moulder away, and die too, after their manner. To what then wou'd you fix your Immortality? A City, a Province, nay an Empire can't be responsible for it.

Cosmo. 'Tis therefore no bad Invention, that of giving one's Name to the Stars, which last for ever.

Beren. And yet it shou'd seem, by what I hear, that even the Stars themselves are not to be depended upon, for they say new ones appear and old ones vanish, and you'll see at the long run I shall not have a Hair left in the Heav'ns: At least, our Names can hardly avoid a Grammatical Death, if it may be call'd so; the Transposition of a Letter or two will make 'em serve for nothing but wrangling among the Criticks. I once saw two of the Dead engag'd in a hot Controversie, and going
up

up to 'em I enquir'd their Names; one (as I was told) was *Constantine* the Great, and t'other a Barbarian Emperor. The Dispute was about the Preference of their past Grandeur; *Constantine* said he had been Emperor of *Constantinople*, the Barbarian that he had been Emperor of *Stamboul*. The first, in Praise of *Constantinople*, said 'twas situate upon three Seas, the *Euxine*, the *Thracian Bosphorus*, and the *Propontis*; t'other reply'd that *Stamboul* had the Command of three Seas likewise, the *Black Sea*, the *Straits*, and the *Sea of Marmora*. This strange Resemblance amaz'd *Constantine*; but having inform'd himself exactly of the Situation of *Stamboul*, he was more surpris'd still to find it was *Constantinople* it self, which he did not perceive 'till then, by reason of the Change of its Name. *Alas*, cry'd he, *I had better have left Constantinople its first Name of Byzantium: Who will be able to find out the Name of Constantine in Stamboul? for certain it's drawing to its End.*

Cosmo. In earnest, this administers some Consolation to me, and I begin to submit my self to Patience. After all, since we are not able to excuse our selves from Death, 'tis but reasonable our Names shou'd die too, since they are not of better Quality than our selves.

D I A-

DIALOGUE VII.

Seneca and Marot.

S E N E C A.

I'M overpower'd with Joy to hear that the *Stoicks* are yet in Being, and that you were a Professor of that Sect.

Mar. Without Vanity, I was more a *Stoick* than you, or *Chrisippus*, or *Zeno* himself your Founder. You were each in a Condition to Philosophize at your Ease, especially your self, who liv'd in all abundance. And for the other two, they were never banish'd nor thrown into Prison. But for my share, I endur'd Poverty, Banishment, a Jail, and what not? and yet made it appear, that all these Evils touch'd only the Body, but cou'd not reach the Mind of a wise Man. Grief attack'd me all the Ways possible, but had still the Shame to be repuls'd.

Sen. I'm ravish'd to hear you talk so heroically. By your Language alone I shou'd know you for a very great *Stoick*. And pray was you not the Admiration of the Age?

Mar. That I was indeed. I did not rest satisfy'd in bearing my Misfortunes.
pati-

patiently, I went further, and insulted 'em, as I may say, by Raillery. Constancy wou'd have brought Honour enough to another, but I proceeded even to Gayety.

Sen. O *Stoick* Wisdom! Thou art no *Chimera* then, as thou art falsely represented! Thou art really to be found among Men, and here's a Sage who by thee was made no less happy than *Jupiter* himself. Come, let me present you to *Zeno*, and the rest of our Masters; how they'll be transported to see the Fruit of those admirable Lessons with which they bless'd the World!

Mar. You'll much oblige me, in making me known to such Illustrious Dead.

Sen. What shall I tell 'em is your Name?

Mar. *Clement Marot*.

Sen. *Marot*? — Sure I know that Name. Have I not heard you talk'd of here among a great many Modern Princes?

Mar. Very likely.

Sen. You writ for their Entertainment several little diverting Poems?

Mar. I did.

Sen. Then after all you were no Philosopher.

Mar. Why not?

Sen. Oh! 'Tis by no means the Business of a *Stoick* to compose Books of Mirth, and study to make People laugh.

H

Mar.

Mar. I see you're a Stranger to the Perfections of Mirth. I tell you, all Wisdom is conceal'd in it. There's Ridicule to be drawn out of every thing; I'd undertake, with all the Ease in the World, to draw some out of your Works themselves. But every thing does not produce the Serious, and I defie you ever to turn my Works so as to make 'em yield any. Now does not this shew, that the Ridiculous reigns in all; and that the things of the World are not made to be treated seriously? I have been told, since I came hither, that the divine *Aeneis* of your immortal *Virgil* has been turn'd into Burlesque Verse. I am charm'd with the News; 'twas impossible to take a more lucky Way to make it appear that the Magnificent and the Ridiculous are such near Neighbours, that they even touch. Every thing resembles those Inventions in Perspective in which you see broken Figures dispers'd so here and there, that look at 'em from one Point, and they present to you an Emperor; then change your Station, and you see a Beggar.

Sen. I'm sorry for you, that the World did not comprehend that your Buffoon Rhimes were purely contriv'd to lead People into such profound Reflections. You'd have been much more respected, had they known what a great Philosopher you were:

But

But 'twas impossible to find it out by the Writings you publish'd.

Mar. Suppose I had writ mighty Folios, to prove that Imprisonment, Poverty, and Banishment, ought not in the least to dash the Gayety of a wise Man, had not these been worthy of a *Stoick*?

Sen. Who doubts it?

Mar. Well, and I have made I know not how many Pieces, which prove, that in spite of Banishment, a Prison, and a slender Subsistence, I actually had this Gayety. And pray is not that better? — Your Treatises of Morals are only Speculations upon Wisdom. But my Verses were a continu'd Practique of it, in all the Variety of my Conditions.

Sen. I'm positive your pretended Wisdom was never the Effect of your Reason; but only of your Temper.

Mar. And that's the best sort of Wisdom in the World.

Sen. Good! They are pretty wise Men indeed that are so by Temper! If they are not Fools, no Praise to them. The Happiness of being virtuous may sometimes proceed from Nature, but the Merit of being so arises only from Reason.

Mar. The World has ordinarily but a very indifferent Esteem of what you call a Merit. For if a Man has any Virtue,

and it can be discover'd that 'tis not natural to him, it passes almost for nothing. One wou'd think, however, that being the Acquisition of much Labour and Application, it shou'd be the more valu'd: But no matter for that, 'tis a meer Effect of his Reason, and there's no trusting it.

Sen. The Inequality of Temper in your wife Men, ought to be trusted yet less. They are wise only by Fits, as it pleases their Blood; and one shou'd know how the interior Parts of their Bodies are dispos'd, to judge how far their Virtue will go. Is it not incomparably better to yield only to the Conduct of Reason, and to render ones self so independent of Nature, as to be in a Condition never to fear its Surprizes?

Mar. I grant you 'twou'd be better, if it were but possible. But here's the Misfortune, Nature always keeps a Guard on her Rights; she has her first Movements in us, which 'tis impossible ever to take from her; and they often make a considerable Advance before Reason takes the Alarm, so that when she stands to her Arms, she finds already a mighty Disorder; and 'tis a Question after all, whether she can ever retrieve it. In truth, 'tis no Surprize to me if I see so many People who never trust to Reason.

Sen.

Sen. Yet she, in the mean time, has the sole Right to govern Mankind, and to order all things in the Universe.

Mar. But she's in a very indifferent Condition to make use of her Authority: I have heard, that about a hundred Years after your Death, a *Platonick* Philosopher desir'd the Emperor that then reign'd, to let him have a little City of *Calabria* which lay in Ruins, to rebuild and politize according to the Laws of *Plato's* Republick, and call it *Platonopolis*. But the Emperor rejected the Philosopher's Petition, and had not Faith enough in the Reason of the divine *Plato*, to entrust him with the Government of this little inconsiderable City. Judge by this now how Reason has lost its Credit. If she were at all valuable in the World, Men alone are capable of esteeming her; yet Men, it seems, do not value her at all!

DIALOGUE VIII.

Artemisia and Raymond Lully.

ARTEMISIA.

STRANGE News this! A Secret, say you, to change all Metals into Gold, call'd the Philosopher's Stone, or the GREAT WORK?

R. Lully. Yes—and I search'd for it a long time.

Artemi. And found it——Did you?

R. Lully. No: But the World all believ'd it, and believes so still. Now, to tell you the Truth, 'tis a meer Chimera.

Artemi. Then why did you search for it?

R. Lully. I knew no better, 'till since I came hither.

Artemi. That, I take it, is staying for one's Wisdom a little of the latest.

R. Lully. I see you have a Mind to railly me; but take notice, by the way, that you and I resemble one another more than you imagine.

Artemi. I—that's a good one!—I resemble you? I, who was a Pattern of conjugal Fidelity! I, who drank off my Husband's Ashes, and erected him a stately Monument! Pray how cou'd I resemble

a Man who spent all his Life in searching for the Secret of changing Metals into Gold?

R. Lully. Ay, no matter for that. I know what I say — And after all the fine things you have boasted of your self, you were out of your Wits for a young Fellow that did not care a Rush for you. To him you sacrific'd this magnificent Monument which gain'd you so much Glory; and the Ashes of *Mausolus*, as it happen'd, were found no very effectual Antidote against a new Passion.

Artemi. How came you, I'd fain know, so familiar in my Secrets? This Passage of my Life was private enough, I thought. And I cou'd never have imagin'd that the Publick was possess'd of it.

R. Lully. You'll own then our Destinies have some Resemblance, since the World has done each of us an Honour we never merited. You, in believing you were faithful to the Manes of your Husband; and me, in believing I had attain'd the GREAT WORK.

Artemi. I own it freely. The Publick is made to be cheated in many things, and we ought to take the Advantage of its Disposition.

R. Lully. But was there nothing more in common to us?

H 4

Artemi.

Artemi. I can't tell — I'm not displeas'd to resemble you thus far — What is it?

R. Lully. Did we not both search for a thing which can never be found? You for the Secret of remaining ever faithful to your Husband, and I for that of turning Metals into Gold? I believe there's no great Difference between Conjugal Fidelity and the Philosopher's Stone.

Artemi. I know there are some who have so charitable an Opinion of Women, that perhaps they'll think the Philosopher's Stone not impossible enough to enter the Comparison.

R. Lully. Oh! I'll warrant it as impossible as they can desire.

Artemi. But how comes it then to be so eagerly pursu'd? And that you, who seem to have been a Man of Sense, fell into this Distraction?

R. Lully. 'Tis true, the Philosopher's Stone can never be found; yet 'tis very well worth while to search for it. A great many fine Secrets open to us in that Search, which were not look'd for at all.

Artemi. Wou'd it not be better to search for these Secrets which can be found, than to be eternally poring after those which never can?

R. Lully. All the Sciences have their Chimera, which they're still pursuing, without

out the Possibility of laying hold of it, but in the Chase they lay hold of other Discoveries which are very useful. Chymistry, for Example, has its Philosopher's Stone, Geometry its Quadrature of the Circle, Astronomy its Longitude, the Mechanicks their perpetual Motion. 'Tis impossible to find all this, but very useful to search for it. I'm talking, perhaps, a Language you don't well understand, but you understand at least that Morality has its Chimera too, and that's Disinterest, perfect Friendship. 'Tis never attain'd, yet 'tis useful to pretend to attain it. For, by this at least, Men arrive at many other Virtues.

Artemi. Once again, I shou'd think, 'twere best to leave all Chimera's, and apply one's self only to the Search of what is real.

R. Lully. Do you believe that?—'Tis fit that in every thing Men shou'd propose a Point of Perfection beyond their reach. They wou'd never put themselves in the Road, if they expected to arrive only where they actually arrive: They must have in view an imaginary Stage to animate 'em. If I had been certainly told that Chymistry wou'd never be able to instruct me to make Gold, I shou'd have slighted the Study. If you had been assur'd that the extream Fidelity, upon which
you

you valu'd your self in regard to your Husband, was by no means natural, you wou'd not have been at the Expence of honouring *Mausolus's* Memory with a magnificent Monument. All Courage wou'd be lost, if not sustain'd by false Ideas.

Artemi. Then 'tis not unuseful that Men be deceiv'd?

R. Lully. Unuseful! If by Mischance the Truth discover'd her self such as she is, all were ruin'd. But 'tis plain she knows of what Consequence it is, and therefore she always keeps her self in some manner hid.

DIA.

DIALOGUE IX.

Apicius and Galileo.

A P I C I U S.

AH! how sorry am I that 'twas not my Luck to be born in your Age!

Gal. According to the Notion I have of your Humour, the Age you liv'd in fitted you much better. Your whole Inclination was delicious eating, and you happen'd into the World, and into *Rome* too, a very good Part of it, just when she was the undisturb'd Mistress of the Earth, when from all Parts were daily brought the choicest Fowl and Fish, and the Globe seem'd to have been conquer'd by the *Romans* only for the Luxury of furnishing their Tables.

Apic. But mine was an ignorant Age, and had there been but one Man of your Genius, I'd have march'd barefoot to the World's End to find him. Travelling was nothing with me. Do you know the Tour I made in quest of a delicate sort of Fish I had tasted at *Minturnum* in *Campania*? They told me this Fish was much larger in *Africa*; immediately I fitted out a Vessel, and away for *Africa*! The Voyage was
difficult

difficult and full of Danger; upon the *African Coast* I was met by a whole Fleet of Fishermen, who had been warn'd of my Expedition, and brought me good store of the Fish which occasion'd it. I found 'em no bigger than those of *Minturnum*; and the same Minute, without being touch'd with the least Curiosity towards a Country I had never seen, or mov'd with the Importunity of my Men, who begg'd hard for a little Refreshment ashore, I order'd the Pilots to steer back for *Italy*. And d'ye think I wou'd not much rather have taken this Pains to find you?

Gal. I shall never guess for what. I was a poor Scholar, of a plain frugal Life, always engag'd with the Stars, and very unskill'd in *Ragous*.

Apic. But you invented Optick Glasses to extend the Sight. And in Imitation of you, I'm told somebody did the same good Office for the Ear, and made a sort of Trumpets to redouble and thicken the Voice: In short, you perfected the Senses, and taught others to do the same. I shou'd have requested you to have taken some Pains about the Sense of Taste, and to have thought of some Instrument to encrease the Pleasure of eating.

Gal. Very well: As if the Taste had not naturally all the Perfection 'tis capable of!

Apic.

Apic. Why must it be suppos'd to have more than the Sight?

Gal. The Sight is very perfect too; Men have admirable good Eyes.

Apic. How's that! — Which are the bad Eyes then that need the Assistance of your Glasses?

Gal. Your Philosophers Eyes — Those People whose Concern 'tis to know whether the Sun has Spots, whether the Planets move round their own Centre, whether the Milky Way is compos'd of little Stars, and the like; these are all purblind: But the rest of Mankind, that never trouble their Heads about such Speculations, have an incomparable Perfection of Sight. If you'd only enjoy Things, nothing is wanting to compleat your Enjoyment; if you can't be content without knowing'em, you want all. And thus stands the Difference between common Men and Philosophers, Art has no new Instruments to give to the one, and can never find the other Instruments enough.

Apic. I'm content that Art furnish no new Instruments to the common sort of Men to help'em to eat finer, but I'd have her furnish some to Philosophers, as it has given'em Glasses to see better, and then I shou'd think Philosophy had well rewarded the Pains she costs'em. For in short, what
is

is she good for if she don't make Discoveries, and what need is there of Discoveries, if not for Pleasures?

Gal. This is an old Complaint.

Apic. But since Reason sometimes makes new Acquisitions, why do not the Senses too? I'm sure 'twou'd be to better purpose.

Gal. If the Senses did so, they wou'd be of less value. They are so perfect, that they found at first all the Pleasures which cou'd entertain 'em: And if Reason discovers new Knowledge, 'tis a matter of Complaint, and shews she was naturally very imperfect.

Apic. What d'ye say then to the Kings of *Persia*, who propos'd vast Rewards to those who shou'd invent new Pleasures?

Gal. I say (with Submission) they were Fools. I'll engage they never ruin'd their Revenue by it. Invent new Pleasures! they shou'd first have created new Wants.

Apic. How! — Shou'd every Pleasure be founded upon a Want? I'd e'en quit both rather. Then Nature wou'd have given us nothing *gratis*?

Gal. Can I help it? — But you, who condemn my Notion, have more Interest than any Body in the Truth of it. If there were new Pleasures, wou'd you ever be easie to think you were not reserv'd to live in the last Ages, that so you might have
the

the Advantage of all the Discoveries of the former? As for new Knowledge, I know you'll never envy its Possessors.

Apic. I yield to your Opinion, which is more to my Taste than I imagin'd. New Knowledge, I perceive, is no such mighty Booty, since 'tis left to any that will seize it, and Nature has taken no Care that Men in all Ages shou'd share it alike: But Pleasures are of greater Value; it wou'd be too partial to let one Age have more than another, and for this Reason they are distributed in a just Equality.

DIALOGUE X.

Plato *and* Margaret of Scotland!

MARGARET of SCOTLAND.

COME to my Aid, Divine *Plato*! —
I conjure you take my Part here!

Plato. Why? — What's the matter?

M. of Scot. 'Tis only about a Kiss, which in a Transport of Satisfaction I gave to a learned Man, but very ugly. 'Tis in vain for me to repeat, in my Defence, what I said upon the Occasion, that I long'd to kiss that Mouth which had spoke so many
fine

fine Things. Here's I know not how many Ghosts make a Ridicule of me, and pretend to maintain that such Favours are only for handsome, not fine speaking Mouths, and that Learning ought not to be paid in the same Coin with Love. Pray will you convince these Gentlemen-Ghosts that what is most worthy of the Passions is invisible, and that we may be charm'd with Beauty, ev'n thro' a very deform'd Case of Flesh, with which it may chance to be cover'd.

Plato. How can you ask me to say such a ridiculous thing? There is not a Word of Truth in't.

M. of Scot. Bless me! — Why you've said it a thousand and a thousand times.

Plato. Ay; — that was in my Life-time. I was a Philosopher, and had a Mind to talk of Love; the *Decorum* of my Character wou'd not have allow'd me to talk of it like the Authors of the * *Milesian Tales*; and therefore I wrapt up those Matters in the Jargon of Philosophy, as in a Cloud, that they might not appear to all the World for what indeed they were.

M. of Scot. I'm confident you never had such a Thought. You certainly meant some other than the common Love, since you

* *The Romances of that Time.*

you have so gloriously describ'd the Jour-
nies made by winged Souls in Chariots to
the extreme Vault of Heav'n, where they
contemplate Beauty in its Essence; their
unhappy Fall from so vast an Elevation to
the distant Earth, occasion'd by the Unru-
liness of one of their Horses; the tearing
of their Wings; their Mansion in the Bo-
dy, and what befalls 'em on their meeting
with a beautiful Countenance, which they
presently know for a Copy of that Beauty
they have seen above. The Recovery of
their Wings, which begin to shoot out
again, and with which they endeavour a
Flight towards what they love. In fine,
that Confusion and Terror which seizes
'em upon Sight of the Beauty they know
to be divine. That holy Madness which
transports 'em, and that Desire which in-
cites 'em to sacrifice to the Object of their
Love, as to the immortal Gods.

Plato. Upon my honest Word now, all
this, well understood and faithfully inter-
preted, signifies in plain Speech no more,
than that handsome Persons are apt to in-
spire a thousand Transports.

M. of Scot. But according to your No-
tion the Soul does not rest in corporeal
Beauty, which serves but to revive the
Memory of a Beauty infinitely more charm-
ing. Wou'd it be possible that all those

lively Emotions you have pictur'd, were caus'd only by full Eyes, a little Mouth, and a fresh Complexion? Ah let 'em have the Beauty of the Soul for their Object, if you'd justifie 'em, and your self in painting 'em!

Plato. Shall I tell you the Truth? The Beauty of the Wit excites Admiration; that of the Soul, Esteem; and that of the Body, Love. Esteem and Admiration are calm enough, 'tis Love only is impetuous.

M. of Scot. Sure Death has made you a Libertine,—for in your Life-time you not only spoke another sort of Language about Love, but you practis'd too the sublime Ideas you had conceiv'd of it. Don't you remember you were in Love with *Arqueanassa* of *Colophos* in spite of old Age? And pray did not you make these Verses on her?

*Arqueanassa does inspire
In my Breast a Lover's Fire:
Age, its feeble Spight displaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her Face;
Cupids, in each Wrinkle playing,
Charm my Eyes with lasting Grace.
But before old Time pursu'd her,
E'er he sunk these little Caves,
How I pity those who view'd her,
And in Youth were made her Slaves!*
Now

Now who can believe but this Troop of Loves, that play'd in the Wrinkles of *Arqueanassa*, must have been the Charms of her Wit, which Age had brought to Perfection? You bewail'd those who saw her in her Youth, because her Beauty made too great Impressions on 'em, and you were enamour'd with that Merit in her which cou'd not be destroy'd by Years.

Plato. I'm oblig'd to you for being willing to put so favourable a Construction on a small Satire I made upon *Arqueanassa*, who, old as she was, thought to make me love her. No—my Passions, I assure you, were not so Metaphysical as you imagine, as I have other Verses to convince you. And while I'm repeating 'em, if I were yet living, I'd observe the idle Ceremony which I make my *Socrates* to use when he's about to speak of Love; I'd cover my Face, and you shou'd not hear me but thro' a Vail. But here we have no need of such Formalities. My Verses are these:

*With Pity mov'd, when generous Agathis
Rewards her Lover with an eager Kiss,
Swift to my Lips my trembling Soul I feel
Transported flies, and thence to hers wou'd
steal.*

M. of Scot. How!—Is this *Plato*?

I 2

Plato.

Plato. The very same.

M. of Scot. What, *Plato*? With his square Shoulders, his grave Air, and all that Philosophy he carry'd in his Head? Had *Plato* a Taste for such sort of Kisses?

Plato. Ay—he had.

M. of Scot. But do you consider then, that the Kiss I gave my Man of Science was all purely Philosophical, which yours to your Mistress was not at all; so that I personated your Character, and you mine.

Plato. I grant it. Philosophers are gallant; while such as shou'd seem to have been born for Gallantry affect to be Philosophers. We let those run 'after the Chimeras of Philosophy who don't know 'em; and we, in the mean time, make a Stoop at what is more real.

M. of Scot. I see I was mistaken in my Man, when I call'd upon the Lover of *Agathis* to justify my Kiss. Nay, if I had happen'd to be in Love with this learned Piece of Deformity, I shou'd have been yet more to seek, for any Vindication from you. However, 'tis certain Wit by it self can create Passions, which is a good Article for the Women, and a saving Card for such as are not handsome.

Plato. I don't know whether Wit can create Passions, but this I know, it often puts the Body into a Capacity of raising
'em

'em without the Help of Beauty, and gives it an Agreeableness which it wanted, And for Proof of this, we see the Body must contribute its Share, and always furnish somewhat of its own, as Youth at least; for if it does not assist it self at all, Wit is of no Use to it.

M. of Scot. As if Love must have always somewhat Material!

Plato. 'Tis its Nature. Give it, if you please, Wit for its sole Object, and see what you'll gain by't. You'll be surpriz'd to find it immediately returning to Matter. If you lov'd only the Wit of your Philosopher, for what Reason did you kiss him? 'Tis, that the Body is allotted to reap the Profit of the Passions, even which the Wit it self has inspir'd.

DIALOGUE XI.

Strato *and* Raphael Urbin.

S T R A T O.

I Little expected that the Counsel I gave my Slave wou'd have produc'd such happy Effects; when I was above, it gain'd me at once my Life and a Kingdom, and it procures me the constant Admiration of all the Sages here below.

R. Urb. Pray what was that Counsel?

Stra. I was of *Tyre*. All the Slaves of this City rebell'd, and cut their Masters Throats, except my Slave, who had the Humanity to spare my Life, and to cover me from the Fury of all the rest. They agreed that he amongst 'em shou'd be chosen King who on a certain Day first perceiv'd the Sun rise. They assembl'd in a Field, and the Multitude had their Eyes fix'd on the East: But my Slave, as I had instructed him, look'd full West. The rest, you may be sure, laugh'd at him for a Fool: However, with his Back turn'd on them, he spy'd the first Sun-Beams on the Top of a very high Tower, while his Fellows were still staring after the Body of the Sun in the East. The Subtilty of his
Wit

Wit was much admir'd, but he ingenuously confess'd he ow'd it to me, and that I was yet alive. So I was immediately chosen King, as if I had been something more than human.

R. Urb. The Counsel you gave your Slave prov'd very lucky to you, but I don't see 'twas to be admir'd.

Stra. All the Philosophers here will answer for me, that I taught my Slave what every wise Man ought to practise, which is, that to discover the Truth you are to turn your Back on the Multitude. And that common Opinions are always the Rules of sound Conclusions, provided you take 'em in a contrary Sense.

R. Urb. Ay — those Gentlemen talk very well as Philosophers; 'tis their Trade to scandalize common Opinions and Prejudices, — and yet there's nothing more convenient nor useful.

Stra. By your Discourse one wou'd guess you had found your Account in following 'em.

R. Urb. No — I assure you I'm very disinterested in the Matter; for Prejudices, tho' I declare for 'em, expos'd me to much Ridicule in the World. At *Rome* they were very busie in digging out Statues from some Ruins, and I being a good Painter and Sculptor was chosen to judge

if they were Antique. *Michaël Angelo*, my Rival, made privately a very fine Statue of *Bacchus*; when 'twas finish'd he broke off a Finger of it, and bury'd the Figure in a Place where he knew they wou'd dig. As soon as 'twas found I pronounc'd it an Antique: *Michael Angelo* maintain'd 'twas Modern. I insisted chiefly upon the Beauty of the Statue, which, according to the Rules of Art, was worthy of the Hand of a *Grecian*; and in the Heat of the Controversie I run this *Bacchus* up to the Time of *Policletus* or *Phidias*. At last *Michael Angelo* produces the broken Finger, and that was a Reasoning which wou'd admit of no Answer. I was laugh'd at for my Prepossession, but what cou'd I have done without it? I was made a Judge, and that Character, you know, obliges one to a Decision.

Stra. You shou'd have decided according to Reason.

R. Urb. Does Reason then decide? I shou'd never have known, by consulting her, whether the Statue was ancient or modern; I shou'd only have known it was very fine. But here comes Prejudice to my Aid, and tells me that a fine Statue must needs be an Antique; this is a Decision, and I give Judgment.

Stra.

Stra. 'Tis not strange if Reason furnish no incontestable Principles upon Matters of such little Importance; but upon all that regards the Conduct of Men, her Decisions are very certain, and the only Misfortune is that she's seldom consulted.

R. Urb. Let's consult her then upon any Point, to see what she'll establish. Let's ask her whether People shou'd weep or laugh at the Death of their Friends and Relations. She tells you, on one side, *they're lost to you,—weep then.*—On the other, *they are deliver'd out of the Miseries of Life,—therefore laugh.* These are the Answers of Reason. But the Custom of the Country soon determines this. We weep, if that commands us, and so heartily too that we have not the least Notion that it were possible to laugh on such an Occasion: Or we laugh so heartily, that we can't conceive how it were possible to weep.

Stra. Reason is not always so irresolute. She leaves that only to be executed by Prejudice, which 'tis not worth her while to execute: But upon how many very considerable Affairs has she most exact Ideas, from whence she deduces equal Consequences?

R. Urb. These exact Ideas are but a very small Number, or I'm much mistaken.

Stra.

Stra. No matter for that. 'Tis to them alone an entire Faith is due.

R. Urb. That's impossible; since Reason proposes too small a Number of certain Maxims, and the Mind is made to believe more. So that the Surplus of its Credulity goes to the Advantage of Prejudices, and false Opinions come in to fill up the Vacancy.

Stra. And what Occasion is there to throw ones self into Error? Can't a Man, in doubtful Matters, suspend his Judgment? Reason stops when she is at a Loss which Path to take.

R. Urb. True. In that Case she has no other Secret to prevent her losing her Way, than not to move one Step further. The Road divides into two, and there she remains at a Stand. But this is a violent Posture to the Mind of Man, it is naturally in Motion and must proceed. All the World are not qualify'd to doubt, there must be Knowledge to arrive at that, and Force to hold there. Besides, Doubt is void of Action, and Men must be in Action.

Stra. Therefore People ought to retain the Prejudices of Custom, that they may act like Men. But to get rid of the Prejudices of the Understanding, in order to act like wise Men.

R. Urb.

R. Urb. 'Tis better to retain all. Perhaps you don't know the two Answers of the old *Samnite* to his Countrymen, who sent to ask his Advice what they shou'd do when they had inclos'd in a narrow Pass the *Romans*, their mortal Enemies, and had it in their Power to do with 'em what they pleas'd. He answer'd, that they shou'd put 'em all to the Sword. This Counsel seem'd too harsh and cruel, and the *Samnites* sent once more to remonstrate the Inconvenience of it. He reply'd then that they shou'd give 'em all their Lives without Conditions. They follow'd neither of his Directions, and they paid for their Folly. 'Tis the same with Prejudices; keep 'em all, or exterminate all; else those you put away will make you distrust all the Opinions you retain. The Misfortune of being deceiv'd in many things, will be no longer balanc'd by the Pleasure of being deceiv'd unknowingly. And in short, you'll neither have the Lights of Truth, nor the Charms of Error.

Stra. If there is no way to avoid the Alternative you propose, one need not pause which Side to take: Men must rid themselves of all Prejudices.

R. Urb. But Reason clears the Mind of all its old Opinions, without substituting any

any others in their Room. She makes a kind of Vacuum in it, and who can bear that? No; — together with that small Share of Reason which Men possess, they must have their *Quantum* of Prejudices too, as usual. Prejudices are the Supplement of Reason. All that is deficient on one Side is made up on the other.

DIALOGUE XII.

Lucretia *and* B. Plomberg.

B. PLOMBERG.

YOU'LL scarce believe me now, yet there's nothing more true: The Emperor *Charles* the Fifth had an Affair with the Princess I nam'd, and I serv'd as a Blind. But that was not all. The Princess desir'd me to be Mother to a young Prince that was born; and to oblige her I consented. I see I have surpriz'd you! — Have you not heard say, that whatever Merit People have, they ought to be superior to it by the little value they put upon it? That your Wits, for Instance, ought to be above their own Talent? For
my

my part, I was above my Virtue, I had more than I car'd for.

Luc. Phoo—you play the Fool; one can never have too much.

B. Plom. In earnest, if I might be sent into the World again, upon Condition I shou'd be the most accomplish'd of all my Sex, I am confident I shou'd refuse the Offer. My Perfections, I know, wou'd pique a great many others, and I shou'd be eternally wishing for some Defect, for the Consolation of those I were to live with.

Luc. It seems then, that in pure good Nature to the Women of less Virtue, you were pleas'd to qualifie yours.

B. Plom. I qualify'd the Appearance of it, lest they shou'd have look'd upon me as their Accuser to the Publick, if they had thought me more severe than themselves.

Luc. They were highly oblig'd to you, especially the Princess, who was particularly happy in finding a Mother for her Children. And did she put but one upon you?

B. Plom. No.

Luc. I'm amaz'd! She might have made more use of so commodious a Friend, for it seems you never troubl'd your self with Reputation.

B. Plom.

B. Plom. Now prepare to wonder.—
 Know then, that this Indifference for my Reputation was lucky to me. The Truth discover'd it self, in spite of all my Care; and 'twas found that the young Prince was none of mine. People did me more Justice than I desir'd, and it seem'd as if they resolv'd to make me a double Reparation for my having been so little ostentatious of my Virtue; and for my Generosity in excusing the Publick from paying me the Esteem which was my due.

Luc. A very pretty sort of Generosity! There's no Abatement to be made to the Publick in that Article.

B. Plom. How?—'Tis very humorous, let me tell you, and often strives to revolt from those that pretend too imperiously to exact its Esteem. You, of all the World, shou'd know this best. There have been some so strangely affronted at your extravagant Ardour for Glory, that they have done their Endeavour to lessen, as much as possible, the mighty Merit of your Death.

Luc. And which way cou'd they attack so heroick an Action?

B. Plom. How do I know!—I think they say you play'd the Heroine a little of the latest. That your Death wou'd have been much more *a propos*, if you had not stay'd for the Ravisher's last Efforts: But that

that you seem'd loth to kill your self Hand over Head, and not know for what. In fine, the World appears to have done you Justice with Regret, and me with Pleasure; perhaps because you were too hasty in the Pursuit of Glory, and I let it come without wishing for.

Luc. Add too, that you did all you cou'd to hinder it.

B. Plom. Well; and is the Merit of Modesty nothing? I had so much as to be willing to conceal my Virtue. You, on the contrary, were for making a Parade with yours. You wou'd not kill your self, but in Form, with all your Family about you. Is not Virtue then content to be her own Witness? And shou'd not great Souls despise this Phantom, Glory?

Luc. Have a care of that; 'tis too dangerous a Piece of Wisdom. This Phantom, as you call it, is the most powerful thing in the World. 'Tis the Soul of all, 'tis preferr'd to every thing, and do but observe how it peoples the *Elizian* Plains. Glory sends us more Multitudes hither than a Feaver. I have some Right to say so; for I was my self of the Number.

B. Plom. You ought then to pass for a Fool with the rest, you that dy'd of that vain Distemper. For from the first Mo-
ment

ment one is here, all the Glory in the World does one no good.

Luc. True — but 'tis one of the Secrets of this Place — and the Living ought never to know a Word of it.

B. Plom. Why — what's the Harm if they part with an Idea that deceives 'em?

Luc. Then Farewel all Heroick Actions.

B. Plom. No; People wou'd perform 'em out a Principle of Duty, and that's a nobler View; 'tis founded upon Reason.

Luc. And 'tis that makes it too weak. Glory is founded upon the Imagination, and is therefore much more powerful. Even Reason it self wou'd not approve that Men shou'd submit themselves to her Conduct alone, she's too sensible how much she needs the Assistance of the Imagination. When *Curtius* was just going to sacrifice himself for his Country, and to ride arm'd into the Gulf that open'd in the middle of *Rome*, had it been said to him, *'Tis your Duty now to leap into this Abyss, but be assur'd no Body will ever speak a Word of your Exploit* — in earnest I'm afraid *Curtius* wou'd have turn'd back his Horse. For my own part, I won't swear I shou'd have kill'd my self upon the bare View of my Duty. For what? I shou'd have thought my Duty not touch'd by the Rape; or at most, that it might have been satisfy'd with

FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES

OF THE

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with Tears. But for a glorious Name the Dagger was necessary, and so I stabb'd my self.

B. Plom. Shall I tell you my Opinion of the Matter? I shou'd think these great Actions might as well be omitted, as perform'd out of so false a Principle as that of Glory.

Luc. Not so fast, I beseech you — All Duties are fulfill'd, tho' not as Duties. All great Actions, which 'tis fit Men shou'd perform, are perform'd: In a Word, the Order which Nature wou'd establish in the World has its Course; and there's no more to be said, but this, What she cou'd not have obtain'd of our Reason, she obtains of our Folly.

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FON-

mediately into *England*, very well satisfy'd to take up this Title, when I was free from that of Queen.

A. of Bri. Sure you're not of so mean a Spirit.

M. of Eng. I confess Ambition was not my Taste. Nature has furnish'd Humankind with Pleasures that are plain, easy, and serene; and their Imagination has created 'em such as are perplex'd, uncertain, and hard to come by: But Nature certainly is more ingenious to choose Pleasures for 'em, than they for themselves, why then do they not leave the Care of it to her? She has invented Love, a most agreeable one, and they have found out Ambition, of which there was no need.

A. of Bri. Who told you they found out Ambition? The Desires of Greatness and Command are no less inspir'd by Nature, than the soft Inclination of Love.

M. of Eng. Ambition is easily known for a Child of the Imagination, it wears such lively Marks of its Father's Features. It is a most restless busie thing, full of Projects and Chimera's; no sooner has it come up to its Wishes, but it bounds away beyond 'em, and runs a giddy Race which has no Goal.

A. of Bri. But Love, for its Misfortune, reaches the Goal too soon.

M. of Eng. If that shou'd be granted, yet all the Consequence is, Love can make us often happy, but Ambition never; or if it can, yet Pleasures of that sort are but for few People, and therefore 'tis not Nature offers 'em, for her Favours are universal. Now look upon Love! It's made for the whole World. 'Tis only those mistaken Wretches that seek Happiness in extravagant Elevations of Grandeur, whom Nature seems to have thought unworthy of these tender Enjoyments. A King, who has a hundred thousand Hands at Command, can scarce be secure of one Heart; and can never be certain whether those Services are not paid to his Quality only, which wou'd freely be perform'd to the Person of another. In short, Royalty deprives him of all those Pleasures, which have the most Simplicity in 'em, and the most soothing Tendernefs.

A. of Bri. You have not prov'd the Condition of Kings much more unhappy for this small Inconvenience you're pleas'd to discover in it. To see my Will not only follow'd, but even prevented, an Infinity of Fortunes depending on a single Word, which I can pronounce when I please; such a World of Cares, such endless Designs, unweary'd Applications, and eager Sollicitude to please, of which I am the sole

Object,



FONTENELLE's
DIALOGUES
 OF THE
D E A D.

DIALOGUE I.

Anne of Britany, *and* Mary of England. *1560 L.K.*
4. 8.

A N N E of *B R I T A N Y.*

FOR certain my Death was a singular
 Pleasure to you, since you pass'd the
 Sea immediately to marry *Louis XII.* and
 take Possession of the Throne I left vacant.
 Yet you had but little Enjoyment of it;
 and that very Youth and Beauty, which
 captivated the King so extravagantly, and
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made him so easily forget the Loss of me, reveng'd my Quarrel on you, for they hasten'd on his Death, and disappointed you of being long a Queen.

M. of Eng. It's true, Royalty shew'd it self like an Apparition to me, and vanish'd in an Instant.

A. of Bri. And, after this, you became Dutchess of *Suffolk*; a very fair Fall!— But I (Thanks to my Stars) had a better Destiny; for when *Charles VIII.* dy'd, I lost not my Royalty by his Decease, but marry'd his Successor, a peculiar Instance of good Fortune.

M. of Eng. Will you believe me now, if I tell you I never envy'd you in the least this good Fortune?

A. of Bri. No indeed——I apprehend too well, what 'tis to be Dutchess of *Suffolk*, after having been Queen of *France*.

M. of Eng. But I lov'd my Lord of *Suffolk*.

A. of Bri. No matter for that—Is it possible for one who has tasted the Pleasures of Royalty, to relish any others?

M. of Eng. Yes—provided they are those of Love. I declare to you that you had no Reason to wish me ill, because I succeeded you; had I been always Mistress of my Fate, I wou'd have been no other than Dutchess of *Suffolk*. I return'd im-

medi-

X *A. of Bri.* Yet after all, she wou'd never have been willing to purchase it with the Loss of the others. Whatever's too plain and simple, is not accommodated to human Nature. Mankind is not content that Pleasure shou'd only play upon their Senses with touching Softness, unless it agitate and transport 'em. What's the Reason, I beseech you, that the Pastoral Life, as the Poets have painted it, adorn'd all with Sweetness and pleasant Simplicity, has only been found in their Works, and wou'd not succeed in the Practice?—
'Tis too soft, and has no Variety.

M. of Eng. But will you tell me whence it happens, that the Prospect of the proudest and most pompous Court in the Universe, sooths the Mind less than those soft Ideas their Fancies present to 'em in such a Life. Certainly 'tis because they were form'd for it.

A. of Bri. It seems then, that the Enjoyment of your simple and serene Pleasures, finds place only among the agreeable Dreams which Men form in their Fancies!

M. of Eng. I beg your Pardon!—Tho' 'tis plain that Few have a Taste good enough to choose these Pleasures at first, yet they are glad to end with 'em, when they can. And thus the Imagination having weary'd it self in the Round of false Objects, returns at last to such as are true.

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DIALOGUE II.

Charles V. and Erasmus.

ERASMUS.

MAKE no doubt of it — if there were any Superiority of Place among the Dead, I tell you I wou'd not yield to you an Inch.

Ch. V. How! — Why, shall a Grammarian, a Scholar, and (to equip you with the best of your Titles) a Man of Wit, pretend to hold up his Head, and flourish it over a Prince that saw himself Master of the best Part of *Europe*?

Eras. You may put *America* into the Scale too, if you please, and yet I won't fear you a Jot the more. All this Grandeur was mere Chance-Work, and no more, in short, than a Composition of lucky Accidents; and he that shall take 'em to pieces, and examine 'em severally, must needs make you sensible of it too. As for Example — Had *Ferdinand*, your Grandfather, been a Man of his Word, you had scarce had a Foot of Land in *Italy* — If any of the other Princes cou'd have found Brains enough to comprehend that there were Antipodes, *Columbus* had ne'er made

K. of Castile:

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his



Object, certainly with this Consolation I may be satisfy'd, tho' I don't know precisely whether 'tis for my Rank I'm lov'd, or for my Person. But the Pleasures of Ambition, you say, are made but for a few; now that commends 'em to me the more. Singularity in good Fortune is that which most pleases, and such as wear Crowns are singl'd so advantageously from the Condition of other People, that what they lose in Pleasures common to all the World, is abundantly supply'd in others more sublime.

M. of Eng. Alas! do but judge of the Loss they suffer, by the Sensibility with which they entertain these plain and common Pleasures when any one presents it self to 'em. Will you please to hear a pleasant Relation which I had t'other Day from a Princess of my own Blood, who reign'd long and happily in *England*, but unmarried. When she gave the first Audience to the *Dutch* Ambassadors, there was in their Retinue a very handsome young Gentleman, who, upon Sight of the Queen, turn'd immediately to those who stood next to him, and spoke something very softly, but with such a peculiar Air, that her Majesty took notice of it, and pretty well guess'd the Matter too; for Women have an admirable Instinct, you know.

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Three or four Words of this young *Hollander*, tho' she heard not a Syllable of 'em, took up her Thoughts more than a whole Harangue of the Ambassadors ; and as soon as ever they were withdrawn, she resolv'd to satisfy her Curiosity, and commanded those, to whom the Gentleman spoke, to tell her what it was. They answer'd, with a world of Respect, that it wou'd be Presumption to so great a Queen, and excus'd themselves a great while from repeating it. But at last, when she us'd her Authority, she was inform'd that the *Hollander* had said softly, that — *upon his Faith she was a very handsome Person, and* — in short, that he added some Expressions free enough, but very sprightly, to signify some certain Wishes, and that she was a Woman to his Fancy. — This they related with a great deal of Apprehension; but they might have spar'd their Fears, for the worst that follow'd, was only this, That when the Ambassadors took their Audience of Leave, she was pleas'd to make the Gallant *Hollander* a considerable Present. Thus you see, that notwithstanding the Croud of Pleasures which belong to Pomp and Royalty, this small Pleasure of being thought handsome made its way through 'em all, and touch'd her very Soul with its Charms.

✕ *A. of Bri.*

to the Learned in the same manner as Riches do to the Men of Fortune, that is, by Succession? I tell ye, you Learned Men inherit the Antients as we do our Fathers; as these have left us all we possess, so the other have bequeath'd you all you know. And from hence it comes to pass, that many Men of Letters have the same Veneration for the Traditions of the Antients, that some others have for the Lands and Houses of their Ancestors, and wou'd take it very ill to have any thing chang'd.

Eras. But great Persons are born Heirs to their Father's Grandeur, so are not the Learned to the Knowledge of the Antients. Learning is not an Estate which a Man receives by Succession, but an Acquisition which he makes; or if 'tis a Succession, yet it is so hard to come by, that there is room enough left for Glory still.

Ch. V. Well — pray be pleas'd then to weigh the Pains in acquiring these Riches of the Mind, with the Trouble of preserving those of Fortune, and you'll find the Scales pretty even. For, in short, if Difficulty be only regarded by you, it's a clear Case that the Business and Affairs of the World have more of that, than the quiet Amusements and Speculations of the Closet.

Eras.

Eraf. But we'll wave (if you please) the Dispute about Learning, and confine ourselves to the Topick of Wit. This, at least, is a Possession that does by no means depend upon Chance.

Ch. V. Are you sure of that? What, does not Wit depend upon a certain happy Disposition of the Brain, and is it less a Chance to be born with a Brain well temper'd, than to be born the Son of a King? You were a great Wit, I confess, but will you do me the Favour to enquire of all the Philosophers how this came to pass, and what hinder'd you from being a stupify'd Blockhead? 'Twas nothing almost, a small Disposition of the Fibres, or some such slender Matter, which escapes the Search of the most exact Anatomy. And yet after all, these Gentlemen, the Wits, have the Assurance to bear us in Hand that theirs are the only Goods independent on Fortune, and think they have a Right, upon that Score, to take Place of all the rest of Mankind.

Eraf. It seems then, by your Account, the Merit is the same, to have good Store of Coin, or a large Share of Wit?

Ch. V. To have Wit is the happiest Chance of the two, but it's a Chance still.

Eraf. Why then, in short, all's Chance.

Ch. V.

his Applications to him, and *America* had ne'er been a Part of your Inheritance— If after the Death of the last Duke of *Burgundy*, *Louis* the Eleventh had consider'd what he did, *Maximilian* had never had *Burgundy* to his Share, nor you the *Low Countries*.— And if *Henry* of *Castile*, your Grandmother's Brother, had not lain under a scandalous Character among the Women, or if his Spouse had not been of a Virtue that no Body wou'd swear for, her Daughter had pass'd for his own, and you had been fairly wip'd of the Kingdom of *Castile*.

Ch. V. Why, you make me quake with Fear—— Methinks I'm even at this Minute losing *Castile*, the *Netherlands*, *America*, or *Italy*.

Eraf. You may spare your Railery!—— Among these your Ancestors aforesaid, cou'd one have been furnish'd with a little more Wit, and another with a little more Honesty, 'twou'd have cost you dear. There is not one Particular I've related, but was necessary for the making up of your Fortune, even to the very Impotence of your great Uncle, and the Wantonness of your great Aunt. And this, no doubt, is a very solid Building that's rais'd on such precarious Foundations!

Ch. V.

Ch. V. In Truth, who can stand so severe a Scrutiny as this? I must own that all my Grandeur and Titles vanish before you into nothing.

Eraf. Yet these are the Ornaments which you thought made you so fine! With what ease have I stripp'd you of your Feathers! Don't you remember the Story of *Cimon the Athenian*? who having taken several *Persian* Prisoners, expos'd their Habits to Sale on one side of the Way, and their naked Bodies on t'other; now the Habits being very rich, there was a prodigious Croud of Purchasers about 'em; but how many d'ye think for the Men? — Not one. In good earnest, I'm of Opinion that a Multitude of People wou'd fare like these *Persians*, cou'd one separate their Personal Merit from the Gifts which Fortune has bestow'd on 'em.

Ch. V. But what is Personal Merit, I pray?

Eraf. Is that a Question? — All that's within us, as Wit for Example, and Knowledge.

Ch. V. And from hence you allow we may derive our Glory?

Eraf. Doubtless — These are not the Goods of Fortune, like Nobility or Riches.

Ch. V. I'm amaz'd at what you say! — Don't the Sciences, I beseech you, descend to

Ch. V. 'Tis so, if by *Chance* we mean a secret Disposition and Order which we are not acquainted with. You talk'd, just now, of stripping Men of their Feathers; I'll be judg'd by your self, if I have not stripp'd 'em of finer Feathers than you did. You only robb'd 'em of some Advantages of Birth, but I have taken from 'em those of the Mind. If Mankind, before they grew vain upon any thing, wou'd but consider how far they cou'd make out their Title, there wou'd be no such thing as Vanity in the World.

DIALOGUE III.

Elizabeth, *Queen of England, and the Duke of Alençon.*

The D U K E of Alençon.

BUT what did you mean by flattering me so long with Hopes that I shou'd marry you, when you were resolv'd in your Soul to come to no Conclusion?

Q. Eliz. You have no such particular Cause to complain; I serv'd several others just so, who were in nothing your Inferi-
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riors.

riors. I was indeed the *Penelope* of my Age: You, and the Duke of *Anjou* your Brother, the Arch-Duke and the King of *Sweden*, were all my Suitors, who pleas'd your selves with the Hopes of an Island much more considerable than that of *Ithaca*. I held you in Suspence for several Years, and at last—I laugh'd at you.

D. of *Alen*. We have some certain Persons here, who wou'd scarce allow that you were so like *Penelope* as you pretend, not every way at least—But Comparisons, you know, are always defective in some Point or other.

Q. *Eliz*. Look you, my Lord, — I never took you for a Wit, and I see no reason to alter my Opinion of you now—But, in short, if you had Sense enough to consider what you say ———

D. of *Alen*. Mighty well! this Heroick Air becomes you admirably! But, Compliments apart, (which are idle among the Dead) what an ostentatious Flourishing did you always make about your Virginity, and being a Maiden Queen? Witness that great Country in *America*, which you nam'd *Virginia*, in Memory of the most suspected of all your Qualities; a Name which wou'd never have pass'd, had not the Place, by good Luck, been in another World.

World. But no matter for that, for I'm upon another Question; and pray will you give me but one Reason for that mysterious Conduct of yours, and all those Projects of Marriage which ended in nothing? Was it because your Father *Henry VIII.* was six times marry'd, that you took a Resolution not to marry at all, as the perpetual Rambles of *Charles V.* taught *Philip* the Second never to stir from *Madrid*?

Q. Eliz. I might very well stand to the Reason you have furnish'd me withal. My Father, in effect, spent his whole Life in marrying and unmarrying, in repudiating some of his Wives, and beheading others. Now here was the true Secret of my Conduct, that I had observ'd there was nothing pleasanter in the World than to amuse one's self with forming Designs, and making great Preparations, without executing any. Possession is always short of Hope, and things never pass out of Imagination into Reality without losing considerably. When you came into *England* to espouse me, there was nothing but Balls, Feasts, and continual Rejoycing; nay, I proceeded so far as to give you a Ring: And hitherto every thing had as smiling a Face as was possible, because all this was Preparation and Idea; therefore having thus exhausted all the Agreeable belonging

to Marriage, I did prudently to stop there, and send you home again about your Business.

D. of *Alen.* To speak freely — your Maxims wou'd never have fitted me. No; I shou'd have been for something more than Chimera's.

Q. *Eliz.* Alas! if Chimera's were to be taken from Mankind, what Pleasure wou'd they have remaining? I see plainly now that you did not taste the most agreeable Parts of your Life. But, in Truth, I must say you were very unhappy for it.

D. of *Alen.* Agreeable? Sure you only railly me — In all my Life what had I agreeable? I never succeeded in any one thing. Four times I was flatter'd with the Hopes of a Crown. First *Poland* was in Prospect, then *England*, afterward the *Low-Countries*, and lastly *France* in all Appearance was to have been mine; and yet in Conclusion I was King of nothing.

Q. *Eliz.* Why that now is the very Happiness which you was not aware of. To be always amus'd with Hopes and imaginary Prospects, like Visions of *Fairy-Land*, without any thing real. For you did nothing but prepare for Royalty as long as you liv'd, as I did for Marriage.

D. of *Alen.* But as I'm of Opinion that an actual Marriage wou'd have done you

no Displeasure, so I confess a true Royalty wou'd have pleas'd me very well.

- *Q. Eliz.* Alas! Pleasures are not solid enough to bear our plunging into 'em, we must be content to play only upon their Surface. They are like those marshy Grounds which a Man may well enough run lightly over, but if he venture to fix his Foot, they sink away beneath him.

DIALOGUE IV.

William of Cabestan and Albert Frederick of Brandenburg.

A. FR. of BRANDENBOURG.

- **I** Love you the better, methinks, for having been out of your Wits as well as my self. But pray let's have the History of your Folly; how came it to pass?

W. of Cab. I was a *Provencial* Poet, much esteem'd in my Age, and hence arose my Misfortune. I fell in Love with a Damsel I had made famous by my Verses: She took such a Pride in my Poetry, that she was afraid I shou'd employ it in Honour of somebody else; and, in short, to secure

my Muse to her self, she presented we with a damn'd Potion that turn'd my Brain, and spoil'd me for a Verse-maker for ever.

A. Fr. of Brand. Pray how long have you been dead?

W. of Cab. About four hundred Years.

A. Fr. of Brand. Sure Poets were very scarce in your Age, since People esteem'd 'em so much, as to poison 'em i' that fashion. I'm sorry you was not born in my Time, you might have made Verses upon all the handsome Women in Christendom, and no danger of your being poison'd for't.

W. of Cab. I believe it: For among all the Wits and Poets that are come hither, I do not hear one complaining he met with the same Destiny. But pray how was it that you lost your Wits?

A. Fr. of Brand. Troth, in a very rational manner. — There was a certain King who run mad with having seen a Goblin in a Forest; but what was that? I had a Vision, I assure you, much more terrible.

W. of Cab. And what did you see then?

A. Fr. of Brand. What? — Why the dreadful Preparations of my own Nuptials. I was marry'd to *Maria Eleonora of Cleves*, and at the Wedding-Feast I was musing upon the Matter, and I made such deep judicious-Reflections on Matrimony, that I had not a Drachm of Judgment left.

W. of Cab.

W. of Cab. Pray had you any sober Intervals afterward?

A. Fr. of Brand. Yes indeed.

W. of Cab. So much the worse; and I was yet more unhappy, for my Wits were restor'd entirely.

A. Fr. of Brand. I shou'd not have call'd that an Unhappiness.

W. of Cab. Why then you know nothing. For when one is once a Fool, 'tis best to be a Fool absolute and for ever. These Alternatives of Reason and Folly, and these entire Returns of Reason, are Misfortunes which attend us lesser Fools only, who were so by Accident. But if you observe those which Nature produces every Day in her ordinary Course, and which people the World with their Numbers, you'll find 'em always uniform, thorough-pac'd, finish'd Fools, that are never cur'd at all.

A. Fr. of Brand. For my part, I shou'd have fancy'd 'twas best to be as little of a Fool as one cou'd.

W. of Cab. I find you are not sensible of the Advantage of Folly: It hinders a Man from knowing himself; and really the Prospect of one's self is but a very melancholy one. And since 'tis never like to be otherwise, when we have once lost it, we shou'd never wish to recover it one single Moment.

A. Fr. of Brand. You talk very prettily, methinks.—Yet never think to persuade me that there are any such absolute Fools as you speak of; I believe there are none but such as we were: All the rest of Mankind have Reason; or else to lose one's Wits wou'd be to lose nothing, and there wou'd be no Distinction betwixt Mad-men and Men in their Senses.

W. of Cab. Mad-men are only Fools of a particular Species. For the Follies of Men in general, being of the same Nature, do very luckily agree so well together, that they serve for the strongest Ties of Society. Witness that ambitious Desire of Immortality, that false Glory, and a thousand other Principles, which give Motion to all the Affairs that are transacted in the World: And none are call'd Fools by all People, but some certain Fools who are out of the Game, as it were, and whose Folly is not in Tune with the rest, nor enters into the ordinary Commerce of Life.

A. Fr. of Brand. But your Mad-men are such Fools that they often cry Fool at one another, whereas other Men converse together as wise Persons.

W. of Cab. Have a Care what you say! I tell you all Men are making Mouths and pointing at one another, and, if you please,
you

you may observe that this is a judicious Establishment of Nature. For Instance, the solitary Man laughs at the Courtier,—but in Recompence he never crosses his Game at Court. The Courtier ridicules the solitary Man, but never disturbs him in his Retreat. If there were but one Party universally acknowledg'd to be the only People of Reason, all the World wou'd be for striking in amongst 'em, and there wou'd be eternally Crouds and Confusion; therefore 'tis much better they shou'd divide into a great many less Troops, that do not embarrass together, but take all their several Ways, and laugh at one another.

A. Fr. of Brand. To deal freely, I find Death it self has not cur'd you, but with all your Reasoning you're as great a Fool as ever. That cursed Draught will never be out of your Head.

W. of Cab. Why that's the Notion now which one Fool shou'd have of another. True Wisdom wou'd too much distinguish and singularize its Possessors, but the Opinion of Wisdom puts all Men upon a Level, and yet satisfies 'em every whit as well.

D I A L O G U E V.

Agnes Sorel *and* Roxolana.

A. S O R E L.

TO tell you the Truth, I don't understand your *Turkish* Gallantry: The Ladies of the *Seraglio* have a domineering sort of a Lover, that needs only say—'*Tis my Pleasure*—a very blunt way of Courtship, where there's no such thing, on one side, as gentle Repulses and soft engaging Resistance, nor any Submissions or Care to please on t'other; which is as much as to say, that the Sultans and their Sultanas lose all the agreeable Part of Love.

Rox. How wou'd you have it?—The *Turkish* Emperors are extreamly jealous of their Authority, and upon politick Reasons have neglected these refin'd Tendernesses, lest the Ladies, not being in absolute Dependance, shou'd usurp too great a Pow'r over 'em sometimes, and meddle too much in their Affairs of State.

A. Sor. Well—and suppose they did, are they sure 'twou'd be a Misfortune? Love is ingenious in a thousand things, and here stands the Person (tho' I say't) who if she had not been Sovereign of the

French

French King's Affections, Heav'n only knows where *France* had been at this Moment. Pray—have you ne'er heard what a wretched Condition our Affairs were in under *Charles* the Seventh, and to what a hopeful Pass all was brought, when the *English* were become Masters of almost the whole Kingdom?

Rox. Yes, that I have; for the History has made a mighty Noise, and I know that a certain Maid was the Deliverer of *France*. But what—were you, at the same time, the King's Mistress too?

A. Son. You're in a Mistake; that Maid and I are not at all akin. The King, my Lover, determin'd to leave his Kingdom a Prey to usurping Strangers, and go hide himself in a mountainous Country, whether I had no great Inclination to follow him. I sent for an Astrologer, whom I had been dealing with underhand, who, pretending to have cast my Nativity, told me one Day, in the King's Presence, that as sure as Stars were Stars 'twas my Destiny to inspire a long and lasting Passion into the Heart of a certain great Monarch, and if this did not come to pass he wou'd never trust the Planets more. Immediately I address'd my self to the King, —*Your Majesty will not resent it, I hope, if I take my Leave of you, and withdraw*

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to the English Court, since you're resolv'd to be a King no longer; and you have not yet lov'd me long enough to fulfil this Destiny. Now 'twas the Fear of losing me made him determine to keep his Crown, and from that Moment he began to re-establish himself. See here how much *France* was oblig'd to Love; and how amorous and gallant that Nation ought to be in meer Gratitude!

Rox. Very true. But to return to the Maid I was speaking of; pray what was it then she perform'd? Cou'd there be so vile a Mistake in History as to attribute to a poor Country Wench the Glory which belong'd to a fine Court Lady, and the King's Mistress?

A. Sor. 'Twou'd not be strange if the History had made such a Mistake. Yet 'tis certain, that Maid animated the Army, but I had first animated the King. She found him marching Sword in Hand against the *English*, and then she assisted him considerably; but 'twas I first rous'd him to that Martial Posture. In fine, to convince you of the Share I had in this important Affair, let me repeat to you the Testimony of one of *Charles* the Seventh's Successors, who was pleas'd to compliment my Memory with these four Lines.

*Gentille Agnés plus d'honneur tu merite,
La Cause estant de France recouvrer
Que ce que peut dedans un Cloitre ouvrir
Close Nonain, ou bien devot Hermit.*

*Tho' chaster Maids may lovely Agnes blame,
Yet France recover'd has secur'd her Fame;
And greater Praise her Mem'ry shall pursue,
Than is to cloister'd Nuns or holy Hermits
due.*

Now what say you, *Roxolana*? You must confess at least that had I been a Sultaneſs, as you were, and had I not had that Authority over *Charles* the Seventh to threaten him as I did, he and his Kingdom had been ruin'd utterly.

Rox. I admire at the Pride you take in this petty Action? 'Twas no ſuch difficult Matter for you that were free and at your own Diſpoſal, to eſtabliſh your ſelf ſuch a Power over the Soul of your Lover. But I ſubjected the Sultan, tho' I was a Slave my ſelf. You made *Charles VII.* King, almoſt without his Conſent; I made *Soliman* (in ſpight of himſelf) my Husband.

A. Sor. How's that? 'Tis ſaid the Sultans never marry.

Rox. I grant it. Yet for all that, I projected to marry *Soliman*, tho' the violent Paſſion he had conceiv'd for me had ſeveral

several times been satisfy'd before. You shall hear a Stratagem far more refin'd than yours. I began to build Temples, and perform several other Acts of Devotion; in the midst of which I feign'd a profound Melancholy. A thousand times and more did the Sultan tenderly enquire the Cause. After I had play'd over all the necessary Forms, I told him, sighing, that all my good Deeds, as I had been inform'd by the Doctors, were like to be of no Avail to me; for, since I was in the Condition of a Slave, the Merit of 'em was entirely transferr'd to my Lord and Sovereign; and this was the Cause of my Melancholy. *Soliman* immediately gave me my Freedom, to this charitable end, that the Merit of my Piety might become my own. But when he thought to enjoy me as he had done before, and treat me as one of the Ladies of the *Seraglio*, I surpriz'd him extreamly, and with a mighty serious Air begg'd his Pardon, and told him, he had no Right over the Person of a free Woman. *Soliman* had a tender Conscience, and consults the Point with a certain Doctor of the Law that I had been tampering with before, who, according to my Instructions, answer'd him; that he ought to be very careful how he assum'd any Power over one who was now no longer his Slave and
Pro-

Property ; and that in short there must be no more meddling without Matrimony. He was now more in Love with me than ever ; he had but one way to help himself, and that an extraordinary one, and dangerous too for a Sultan ; yet he ventur'd it, and marry'd me.

A. Sor. I must confess, there's a mighty Pleasure in subjecting those who forearm themselves against our Power, and bid us Defiance.

Rox. Ay, ay ; Men may set the best Face upon the Matter ; but when we have once taken hold of their Passions, we may lead 'em e'en where we please. Let me, for Example, but take a Turn once more upon the Stage of Life, then give me to my Share the proudest and most domineering Spark upon Earth, and see if I do not humble him into what I please, provided I am furnish'd with a great deal of Wit, a sufficient Stock of Beauty, and a *Modicum* of Love.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VI.

Joan I. *Queen of Naples, and* Anselm.

JOAN of NAPLES.

WHAT! can you foretel me nothing? Sure you ha'nt forgot all your Astrology?

Anselm. How d'ye think 'tis possible to put it in Practice? Here's neither Sky nor Stars. —

J. of Naples. No Matter; I'll excuse you from observing the Rules so precisely.

Anselm. A very pretty Fancy! for a dead Man to make Prophecies! — But upon what, I beseech you?

J. of Naples. Upon my self, and what concerns me.

Anselm. Good! — you're dead, and like to continue so to Eternity; that's all I can Prophecie of you. D'ye think our Condition or Affairs here may change?

J. of Naples. No, but that's my Affliction. And tho' I'm convinc'd nothing more will happen to me, yet methinks if you cou'd find but a way to foretel me something or other, 'twou'd divert me strangely. You can't imagine what an Uneasiness 'tis, to have no Scenes of Futurity to look upon,

on, no Accidents to come — For Pity's sake, one poor Prediction! and let it be e'en what you please.

Anselm. By this restless Curiosity of yours, I shou'd take you for one of the Living; 'tis the very Humour that possesses all above. There People can't sit down contented with what they are, but are mad to anticipate what they shall be; but certainly here we ought to be wiser.

J. of Naples. Alas! have they not Reason? The Present is but a Point of Time, and 'twou'd be hard indeed if their Views must terminate there: Is it not better to extend the Prospect as far as they can, and to gain something from Futurity?

Anselm. And what's the Consequence? Like extravagant Heirs, they borrow so much upon the Time to come, by their Hopes and Imagination, that when 'tis arriv'd they find the Stock exhausted, and nothing left to entertain 'em; and yet the same Impatience remains to plague 'em still. Futurity is the great Decoy of Mankind, and we Astrologers are best acquainted with their Weakness. Therefore we amuse 'em with confident Stories, that there are Signs hot and cold, Male and Female; that some Planets are good, some evil, and others indifferent of themselves, but take their Character from such as they're in

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Conjunction with. And all this Stuff passes very currently with 'em, because 'tis thought to lead 'em into the Knowledge of the future.

J. of Naples. Well, and don't it? A pretty Jest, methinks! that you, who have been my Astrologer, shou'd bewray your own Art.

Anselm. Hark ye! — We dead Folks don't use to lie; and to be free wi' you, that Astrology, for which you esteem'd me so much, was all a downright Cheat.

J. of Naples. Excuse me, I won't take your own Word for't. A Cheat! How then cou'd you foretel I shou'd be four times marry'd? Was it likely, that a Person of tolerable Sense wou'd venture upon Matrimony four times? Come — I'm sure you must have read it in the Stars.

Anselm. I consulted your Inclinations more than the Stars; yet the Success of a Prophecy, after all, is no Proof. Will you let me bring you to one of the Dead here, that shall tell you a pleasant Story? He was one of my Brother Star-gazers, and as great an Unbeliever in his Art as your humble Servant. However, for Experiment's sake, he set himself one Day to observe the Rules with the greatest Strictness, and prophesy'd of some Events, harder to be guess'd at than your four Marriages:

All

All that he foretold came punctually to pass, but never was Man more surpriz'd. He presently falls to his Astrological Figures, and reviews the Ground of his Predictions. And what d'ye think he found? Why — only that he had made a grand Mistake, and that if his Calculations had been right, he ought to have prophesied quite the contrary.

J. of Naples. If I thought this Story were true, I shou'd be sorry the World does not know it, that the Astrologers might be detected, for a pack of Gipsies and cozening Knaves.

Anselm. There are a thousand Stories of 'em known much worse than this, yet the Trade will always hold good. People will never suffer themselves to be undeceiv'd in Matters relating to *the Time to come*. There's a Charm in't, and they'll dote on, to the End of the World. Observe, for Example, how Men sacrifice all their past and present Possession to this Hope, and that and all the rest (as fast as it comes to Hand) to another: One wou'd think 'twere a malicious Trick establish'd in Nature, to fool 'em like Children, and by loosening their Grasp to make 'em drop what they hold. They never turn their Cares upon being happy in the present Moment; that's an Affair adjourn'd to

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hereafter.

hereafter. As if the Time to come were of a different Make, and of better Quality than the Time present.

J. of Naples. No—'tis not of a different Make, but however it's good to fancy it so.

Anselm. And what's the Effect of this fine Fancy? I have a Fable that informs you in three Words—An honest Wretch was adry, and fate him down by the Side of a Spring, but wou'd not drink of the Water that was running before him, in hopes 'twou'd flow purer anon. The time he intended to stay was over, but the Water still the same. *This will ne'er do,* cries the Fellow, *'tis better yet to wait a little longer.* And what d'ye think he did at last? he tarry'd 'till the Spring happen'd to dry up, and so went away athirst.

J. of Naples. That was my very Case, and I believe here's not one among all the Dead, whose Life was not quite ebb'd out, before he had made his propos'd use of it. But what then? I reckon there's a great deal, after all, in the Pleasure of forecasting, in employing Hope, and Fear too, and in having a Futurity to pry into. A wise Man, according to your Notions, wou'd be just like one of us Dead, to whom the Time present and to come is perfectly the same; and consequently this wise Man wou'd be as uneasie as I am.

Anselm.

Anselm. Alas! What a Jest is the Condition of Man, if it be such as you believe! He's born to aspire after every thing, and enjoy nothing; to be always upon his March, and arrive at no Place.

DIALOGUE VII.

Soliman and Julietta of Gonzaga.

S O L I M A N.

AH! why is this the first time I have seen you? and wherefore did I lose all the Pains of my whole Life in searching after you? I was on fire to have had the most beautiful Person of *Italy* in my *Seraglio*; and now I see nothing but a fleeting Shade, that has no Charms, but resembles all the rest.

Juliet. I can never thank you enough for the Passion you conceiv'd for me, upon the Reputation of my Beauty. It wonderfully augmented that Reputation; and 'tis to you I'm indebted for the most agreeable Moments I ever pass'd. But above all, I reflect, with continual Pleasure, on the Night in which the Pirate *Barbarossa*, in Obedience to your Commands, thought

to have surpriz'd me in *Cajeta*, and forc'd me to leave the City in extream Disorder and Precipitation.

Solim. Wherefore then did you fly, if it gave you Pleasure to be search'd after for me?

Juliet. I was transported with the Search, but more that I escap'd it. Nothing ever flatter'd my Vanity more than to think I was wanting to the Happiness of the happy *Soliman*, and was talk'd of in the *Seraglio*, a Place so full of fine Women: But in Troth I desir'd no more; the *Seraglio* has Charms to those only that are wish'd for there, but none at all to those that are in it.

Solim. I perceive now what occasion'd your Fear; you cou'd not digest the Number of Rivals there. Perhaps you were afraid that among such a Multitude of fine Women, a considerable Part serv'd for nothing but idle Ornaments to the *Seraglio*.

Juliet. Your Servant!—you are pleas'd here to charge me with very pretty Thoughts.

Solim. Why——What else has the *Seraglio* so frightful?

Juliet. I was affronted to the last Degree at the insufferable Vanity of you Sultans; who, to make an Ostentation of your

your Grandeur, lock up I know ^{not} how many handsome Women, the Majority of which are of no use to you, and yet are lost to all the World besides. And then, who d'ye think can bear a Lover, whose Declarations of Passion are indisputable Commands; and who never sighs but in the Tone of absolute Authority? No—I was not at all fit for the *Seraglio*, and you might have spar'd your self the trouble of searching after me, for I shou'd never have made your Happiness.

Solim. How are you sure of that?

Juliet. Because I'm sure you'd never have made mine.

Solim. I don't take the Consequence—what signify'd it whether I had made yours or not?

Juliet. What!—do you think 'tis possible in Love to be made happy without Reciprocation? That there are solitary Pleasures, which need not be communicated? and that we may enjoy 'em, when we do not bestow 'em? Fy!—Such Sentiments shock every Heart of finer Mold.

Solim. I'm a *Turk*, d'ye see; and if I have not all the Niceness in the World, I may be excus'd. And yet, methinks, I'm not so much in the wrong neither. Did not you just now sharply condemn Vanity?

Juliet. I did.

Solim. And is not this Desire to make the Happiness of others, a Motion of Vanity? Wou'd it not be intolerable Pride not to consent to be made happy by you, but upon Condition I make you happy too? A Sultan is more modest. He receives Pleasure from abundance of charming Women, and never values himself upon giving them any. Nay—you need not laugh, there's more Solidity in this Argument than you imagine. Think upon't, study the human Heart, and you'll find that this Niceness you value so much, is but a sort of proud Retribution; because People disdain to be in Debt.

Juliet. Well, I grant you then Vanity is necessary.

Solim. How! Is this you that censur'd it so much?

Juliet. Yes, that which I spoke of, but this sort I approve perfectly. Is it too difficult for you to conceive that the good Qualities of human Nature are link'd to others which are bad, and that 'twou'd be dangerous to cure it of all its Faults?

Solim. But at this rate there's no knowing where to fix. Pray, upon the whole, what must we think of Vanity?

Juliet. At a certain Point, 'tis a Vice; but a little short of that, a Virtue.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Paracelsus and Moliere.

M O L I E R E.

IF 'twere only for the sake of your Name, I shou'd be in Love with you — *Paracelsus*! why, a Man wou'd take you for a *Greek*, or, a *Roman* at least: no body wou'd ever dream that *Paracelsus* was a *Swiss* Philosopher.

Para. I have render'd this Name as illustrious as 'tis elegant. My Works are of wonderful Direction to those who wou'd enter into the Secrets of Nature, and above all to those who wou'd soar to the sublime Knowledge of the *Genii* and the *Elementary Inhabitants*.

Mol. I easily apprehend that those are the true Sciences. To know the Men we see every Day is nothing, every Body can do't. But to strike up an Acquaintance with the *Genii* that no body ever saw, is quite another sort of Business.

Para. Doubtless 'tis. I have set forth in the most exact Manner, their Nature, their Employment, their Inclinations, their different Orders, and the Power they have in the Universe.

Mol.

Mol. How happy were you, who had got these wonderful Lights! For there's the strongest Reason to believe you perfectly knew every thing that relates to Mankind; and yet a World of People cou'd never reach so far as this.

Para. Phoo!—every little Philosopher is Master of as much as that.

Mol. I believe it; and you had nothing left to embarrass you about the Nature of the human Soul, its Functions, and its Union with the Body?

Para. Hum!—to be free, 'tis impossible but there will be some Difficulties remaining, to the World's End, upon those Matters. But a Man may know as much, d'ye see, as Philosophy can teach him.

Mol. And did you know no more?

Para. No. Why, is not that enough?

Mol. Enough! 'Tis nothing. And thus you soar'd above Men whom you did not know at all, to reach the *Genii*?

Para. There's something in the *Genii* that more excites our natural Curiosity.

Mol. Ay; but 'tis inexcusable that we shou'd apply to them, 'till after we have nothing more to learn of Man; one wou'd think the human Understanding had exhausted every thing, when one sees it forming to it self Objects of Science that have perhaps no Reality, and with which it em-
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barrasses by way of Diversion. And yet 'tis certain, there are real Objects, which, if it pleas'd, wou'd find it sufficient Employment.

Para. The Mind naturally undervalues Sciences that are too simple, and pursues such as are full of Mystery. 'Tis only upon these it can exercise its whole Force and Activity.

Mol. So much the worse; what you say makes not at all for the Mind's Credit. Truth presents her self to it, but because she's plain, it knows her not, and takes ridiculous Mysteries for her, only because, forsooth, they are Mysteries. And I'm persuaded that if most People saw the Order of the Universe, such as it is, without observing the Vertues of Numbers, the Properties of Planets, and Fatalities link'd to certain Periods, or certain Revolutions, they wou'd not be able to forbear saying of this admirable Order. What! is this all?

Para. You turn into Ridicule Mysteries which are too deep for your Penetration, and which are reserv'd only for Men of great Capacity.

Mol. I esteem those who do not comprehend these Mysteries, much beyond those who do. But 'tis the World's Unhappiness that Nature has not made all Persons capable of * *not understanding* 'em.

Para.

* That is, wise enough to reject 'em for Nonsense.

Para. But you, that give Sentence here with such Authoriry! pray what Profession did you follow in your Life-time?

Mol. Why truly a Profession very different from yours. You study'd the Virtues of the *Genii*, and I study'd the Follies of Mankind.

Para. A pretty Study, by my Troth!— Does not every Body know that Mankind is subject to a thousand Follies?

Mol. Every body knows it in Gross, and confusedly. But we ought to come to Particulars, and then 'tis surprizing to see the vast Extent of this Science.

Para. And what Use did you make of it?

Mol. I got together, in a certain Place, as many People as I cou'd, and there—— I shew'd 'em that they were all a Company of Asses.

Para. Sure you employ'd thundring Arguments to persuade 'em of that?

Mol. Not at all — 'Tis the easiest thing in the World. You may convince 'em of their Folly without any great Flights of Eloquence, or study'd Reasoning. Their Actions are so ridiculous, that you need only mimick 'em over before their Eyes, and you shall see 'em e'en burst with laughing.

Para.

Para. I understand you now — what — you were a Comedian then? Well, for my part I cou'd never comprehend the Pleasure People take at a Comedy. They go thither to laugh at Manners represented, and why don't they laugh at the Manners themselves?

Mol. To laugh at things in the World, a Man must, as it were, be drawn out of it and that the Play-House performs. It gives you all in Perspective, as if you had no part in it your self.

Para. But a Man soon mingles again in this *All* which he laugh'd at, and begins to be a Party in it as before?

Mol. Very true. I compos'd a Fable here t'other Day upon this Subject. A young Goose mounted the Wing, with the same awkward Air which all the Kind have in that Action; and during this Momentary Flight which had rais'd her about a Foot high from the Ground, the proud Creature thus insulted the rest of the Flock below: *Ab! you wretched Animals! says she, that I see groveling beneath me; and that know not how to cleave the Air, as I do!* But at those Words down fell the cackling Boaster, and ended the Adventure.

Para. To what Purpose then serve the Reflections which Plays help us to make, since they are like the Flight of this Goose,
and

and in an Instant we fall from 'em into the common Fooleries?

Mol. Oh! — 'tis a great Matter to have laugh'd at one's self. Nature has given us a wonderful Facility that Way, to hinder us from being our own Bubbles. How often does it happen that while one Party of us is very eager upon some Action, another Party stands by and makes a Jest of 'em. And if need were, you might find a third Party that wou'd laugh at both the first together. Now, does not Mankind appear a very motley and fantastical Composition?

Para. I don't see that all this requires much Thought. A few slight Reflections, and some merry Conceits, often ill apply'd, merit no such mighty Esteem. But what Strains of Contemplation are necessary to treat upon more elevated Subjects?

Mol. You are come back to your *Genii*, and I keep to my Fools. In the mean time, tho' I've bestow'd all my Labour upon Subjects so common to the whole World, I can prophesie to you that my Plays will out-live your sublime Works. Every thing is subject to Change of Fashion. The Productions of the Mind are not secure from the Fate of Clothes. What a World of Books and other Writings have I seen bury'd with their Authors!

just

just as in some Countries they interr, with the Deceas'd, the Things they most delighted in while they liv'd. I know perfectly what Revolutions may happen in the Empire of Letters, and yet, with all this, I'll warrant the Continuance of my Pieces. I can tell you the Reason—He that will paint for Eternity must paint Fools.

D I A L O G U E IX.

Mary Stuart *and* David Riccio.

D. R I C C I O.

NO—I shall never be comforted upon my Death.

M. Stuart. Yet methinks 'twas a very handsome one for a Musician. The principal Nobility in the Court of *Scotland*, and the King my Husband himself, were forc'd to conspire against you, and never was there more Formality in putting to Death the greatest Prince upon Earth.

D. Riccio. So pompous a Death was never intended for a poor Lutenist, whom Necessity had driven out of *Italy* into *Scotland*. It had been much better to have
let

let me wear out my Days softly as one of your Musick, than by raising me to the Rank of a Minister of State, to shorten my Life.

M. Stuart. I cou'd never have expected to find thee so insensible! What! was it a slight Distinction to let thee dine alone with me every Day? Trust me, *Riccio*, a Favour of that kind was no Wrong to thy Reputation.

D. Riccio. No: All the Wrong I know was, that it oblig'd me to pay my Life for receiving it too often. For alas! I was sitting *Tête à Tête* with you at Table, as usual, when I saw the King enter with the Russian that was pick'd out to be my Executioner, because he was naturally the most frightful *Scot* that ever was born, and his Aspect had lately been made more frightful by a long Quartan Ague. I don't know whether he struck me or no — But to the best of my Remembrance, the very Sight of him murder'd me.

M. Stuart. I have honour'd thy Memory so far as to place thee in the Tomb of the Kings of *Scotland*.

D. Riccio. How! — Is my Body entomb'd with the Kings of *Scotland*?

M. Stuart. Nothing more true.

D. Riccio. I have been so little sensible of that good Fortune, that, believe me, 'tis the first Notice I have ever had of it.

—O

—O my Lute! Was I forc'd to quit thee,
to amuse my self with the Cares of govern-
ing a Kingdom!

M. Stuart. Still complaining!—Do you
know now that my Death was a thousand
times more unhappy than yours?

D. Riccio. It may be so; you were born
in a Condition that's subject to terrible Re-
verses: But poor I was born to have dy'd
in my Bed. Nature had plac'd me in the
fittest Station in the World for it, obscure,
and without a Fortune, only with a tole-
rable Voice, and a Genius to play the
Lute.

M. Stuart. That Lute still possesses thy
Heart. But alas! for one unlucky Mo-
ment, how many agreeable Days hadst
thou enjoy'd before? What wou'dst thou
have done, hadst thou never been better
than a Musician? that mean Fortune wou'd
have soon distasted thee.

D. Riccio. No. I'd have search'd out
my Happiness within my self.

M. Stuart. Go, thou'rt a Fool. Thou
hast spoil'd thy self here by pedantick Re-
flections, or by keeping Company with
the Philosophers. 'Tis a likely Matter that
Men shou'd find Happiness in themselves!

D. Riccio. They want only to be per-
suaded that they may. A Poet of my
Country has describ'd an enchanted Castle,
N where

where Lovers and their Mistresses are perpetually seeking one another with extreme Earnestness and Inquietude, they meet every Moment, and yet never know it. There's a Charm like this upon the Happiness of Men, they have it in their own Thoughts, yet are never aware of it; it presents it self a thousand times to 'em, while they still travel afar off to find it.

M. Stuart. Away with your Cant and Visions of Philosophy! If nothing without us contributes to make us happy, are we of a Humour, I pray, to take the Pains to be so by our Reason?

D. Riccio. Why not? Happiness is well worth that Pains.

M. Stuart. 'Twere Pains to no Purpose, and Happiness is by no means consistent with it. We cease to be happy the Moment we feel our Endeavour to be so. If a Man felt all the Parts of his Body labouring to sustain themselves in a good Condition, wou'd you think him well? No, Happiness is like Health, it must be in Men without their placing it there; and if there's a Happiness which Reason produces, 'tis like that Health which is only maintain'd by the Force of Art and Medicines, which is always very weak, and very uncertain.

DIALOGUE X.

The third false Demetrius, and Monsieur Des Cartes.

DES CARTES.

I Ought to know the North almost as well as you; I spent a good Part of my Life philosophizing in *Holland*, and at last dy'd in *Sueden* more a Philosopher than ever.

False Dem. According to the Scheme you give me, what a fine soft Life was yours! Employ'd only about Philosophy! I had not the Privilege to pass mine so quietly.

Des Cartes. Thank your own Folly. What put it into your Head to think of making your self Czar of *Muscovy*, and to take those Measures for it which you did? You try'd to pass for the Prince *Demetrius*, who was rightful Heir to the Throne, and yet you had already before your Eyes the Example of two pretended *Demetrius's*, who had been detected for Cheats, and perish'd miserably. You ought surely to have taken the Pains to contrive some new Imposture. There was

not the least Probability that this, which had been try'd before, shou'd have Success.

False Dem. Between Friends, the *Muscovites* are not the most refin'd People in the World: They have the Madnefs to pretend to resemble the ancient *Greeks*, but God knows in what.

Des Cartes. Yet, as great Sots as they were, they cou'd not suffer the Cheat of three false *Demetrius's* successively. No—when you began to play that Part, I dare swear they cry'd almost all, with an Air of Disdain,—*What! more Demetrius's still?*

False Dem. Yet for all that I made myself a considerable Party: The Name of *Demetrius* was belov'd, the People perpetually ran after it, and you know what the People are.

Des Cartes. But pray did not the ill Fate of your two Brother-Cheats scare you?

False Dem. Quite the contrary; was it not reasonable to believe it must be the true *Demetrius* that durst appear, after the Defeat of the other two? 'Twou'd have been the same Presumption had I been *Demetrius* himself.

Des Cartes. But suppose you had been the first that assum'd this Name, how cou'd you have the Face to pretend to it, without being sure you cou'd back your Pretence with very probable Proofs?

False

False Dem. Hold a little—and let me ask you, who are so full of your Questions here, and so hard to be satisfy'd, how you durst aspire to make your self Head of a new Philosophy which was to contain all the Truths that were unknown 'till then?

Des Cartes. Oh! I found a great many things which had Probability enough to flatter me that they were true, and Novelty enough to make a new Sect.

False Dem. And was you not terrify'd by the Example of so many Philosophers, who, with Opinions as well grounded as yours, were discover'd at last for Mountebanks? A Man might reckon you up a long List of 'em, if he pleas'd, and you can reckon but two Sham *Demetrius's* before me. I was but the third in my kind, that set up for deceiving the *Muscovites*—but you were more than a thousand deep in the List of those who undertook to practise upon the Faith of all Mankind.

Des Cartes. You knew you was not the Prince *Demetrius*; but I publish'd no more than what I really believ'd, nor believ'd it without probable Appearances. I never recover'd out of my Philosophy 'till I came hither.

False Dem. What signifies that? Your Sincerity did not make you less need a World of Assurance to be so positive that

you were the happy Man at last who had discover'd the Truth. The World has been abus'd with that Pretence by so many New-Philosophers already, that when any new *New-Philosophers* appear, I wonder every one does not cry out — *What! more Philosophy still?*

Des Cartes. I must tell you, if People are always deluded by the Promises of Philosophers, 'tis not without Reason. Some little Truths are discover'd from Time to Time, which, tho' not important, serve to amuse. But for the Depth of Philosophy, I confess there is scarce any Progress made in it at all. I believe too that Men often find the Truth in some considerable Articles, but the Mischief is, they don't know when they find it. For Philosophy (if a dead Man may be so bold) resembles a certain Play among Children, where one with his Eyes blinded runs after the rest; if he catches any one he's oblig'd to name him, else he must let go his Prize, and run again. 'Tis the same in the Search of Truth; for tho' we Philosophers have our Eyes sufficiently blinded, we make a shift sometimes to lay hold of her, but to what purpose? we cannot justify to her that 'tis she, and in the same Moment she slips from us again.

False

False Dem. 'Tis but too plain then, that she's not made for us, and you'll see, at last, People won't so much as think of finding her; they'll lose their Courage, and throw up the Game.

Des Cartes. I can assure you, you're a false Prophet. Men have an incredible Courage for any thing they are once infatuated with: Every one is confident that the thing which has been refus'd to all beside, is only a Reserve for him. Nay, four and twenty thousand Years hence, you'll have Philosophers who will pretend to have dispossest'd all the Errors that reign'd for thirty thousand Years before; and People, who will believe the World has but just then begun to open its Eyes.

False Dem. How! was it such an infinite Hazard to undertake a third time to deceive the *Muscovites*, and will it be no Hazard at all to attempt the deceiving the whole of Mankind after thirty thousand times? That calls 'em greater Bubbles than the *Muscovites*.

Des Cartes. They are so, in the Affair of Truth: They rave upon it more than ever the *Muscovites* did on the Name of *Demetrius*.

False Dem. Well—if I were to tread the Stage again, let me perish if I'd be a false *Demetrius*; no—I'd e'en turn Philo-

sopher. But what if People shou'd grow sick of Philosophy, and sit down at last in Despair of ever finding out Truth? For that I shou'd be terribly afraid of.

Des Cartes. You had much more Reason to fear when you play'd the Prince. Men will never be out of Heart, depend upon't; and since the Moderns are no happier than the Ancients in discovering the Truth, 'tis but just they shou'd be as happy as they in hoping it: For, vain as it is, this Hope is always agreeable. If Neither have a Right to the Enjoyment of Truth, yet Both have, at least, to the Pleasure of the same Error.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XI.

The Dutcheſs of Valentinois and Anna Bullen.

ANNA BULLEN.

I Admire your good Luck. *S. Valier*, your Father, commits a Crime, as if 'twere on Purpose to make your Fortune. He's condemn'd to loſe his Head, you go and beg the King's Pardon for him: To be a pretty Woman, and ask Favours of a young Prince, is an unavoidable Engagement to grant ſome; and thus you very genteely made your ſelf Miſtreſs to *Francis* the Firſt.

Dutch. of Val. The nicest part of my good Luck was my being led into an Amour by the Duty of a Daughter to ſave her Father's Life. My Inclination to Gallantry might very commodiouſly lye conceal'd, under ſo decent and reputable a Covering.

A. Bul. But your Inclination ſoon diſcover'd it ſelf by what follow'd; for your Gallantries much out-laſted the Danger of your Father.

Dutch of Val. No matter — 'Tis the Beginning of an Amour is all the Importance. The World knows, that who-
ever

ever makes one Step will make more: So that the only Concern is, to make the first with a Grace. I am so vain now as to think that my Conduct was not ill suited to the critical Opportunity which Fortune presented to me; and that I shall not pass in History for Mistress of a middle Share of Wit. It has been thought very extraordinary that the Lord High-Constable *Montmorency* was the Minister and Favourite of three Kings. I was the Mistress of two, and that I pretend is something more.

A. Bul. I will not dispute your Ingenuity; but you must give me leave to think my own exceeded it. You made your self long belov'd as a Mistress, but I made my self a Wife. A King applies his Cares to you as long as his Heart is warm'd, but this costs him nothing; if he makes you a Queen, 'tis in his Extremity, and when all other Hopes fail him.

Dutch. of Val. But the Passion of a Lover needs continual Arts to keep it alive: Whereas a Marriage once accomplish'd excuses you from farther Trouble. 'Tis easie to exasperate Love when you never satisfy it at all: And when you satisfy it, 'tis as difficult not to quench it. In short, You had nothing to do but to persist always in the same Severity of refusing, and 'twas my Part to be perpetually granting with new Agreeableness.

A. Bul.

A. Bul. Since you press me so hard with your Reasons, I'm oblig'd to add, to what I said before, that when I made my self a Wife 'twas not because I had a World of Virtue.

Dutch. of Val. And when I made my self belov'd with so much Constancy, 'twas not because I had a World of Fidelity.

A. Bul. I'll tell you more then—I had neither Virtue, nor the Reputation of it.

Dutch. of Val. You might have spar'd telling me that—For, Reputation, in my Account, is the same with Virtue.

A. Bul. I shou'd think you have no Reason to reckon among your Advantages a few Infidelities you acted against your Lover, and which, in all Appearance, were secret. They can signifie little to the Increase of your Glory. But when I began to be lov'd by the King of *England*, the Publick, who were acquainted with my Adventures, did not keep the Secret for me, and yet I Triumph'd over Fame.

Dutch. of Val. I cou'd perhaps prove to you, if I were dispos'd, that I was so little mysterious in my Infidelities to *Henry* the Second, that I can make a Merit of it if I please; but I won't insist upon that. The Defect of Fidelity may be either hid, or at worst repair'd; but how will you repair the Defect of Youth? Yet this I perform'd.

I was all Coquette, and I made my self be ador'd, but withal I was in Age. But for you—you were young, and yet suffer'd your self to be beheaded. As much a Grand-Mother as I was, I had Address enough to preserve my Head upon my Shoulders.

A. Bul. I must own you have hit the Blot of my Life, therefore no more of that. And yet I can't surrender, no, not to your Age it self, tho' that's your main Hold. 'Twas certainly less difficult to disguise that, than my former Conduct. I must have extreamly disturb'd his Reason, who wou'd resolve to take me for a Wife. But for the Man who always believ'd you handsome, you had nothing to do but to prepossess his Eyes in your Favour, and to accustom them, by a little at a Time, to the Changes in your Beauty.

Dutch. of Val. Ah! you're much a Stranger to the Humour of Men. When to their Eyes we appear lovely, we appear to their Minds whatever we please, even Virtuous, for Example, tho' we are quite the Reverse of it. And all the Difficulty lyes in appearing lovely to their Eyes as long as we please.

A. Bul. I'm convinc'd, and I yield to you—But you'll let me then into the Secret, how you repair'd your Age—You may

may trust me, I'm dead you know, and can make no Advantage of it.

Dutch. of *Val.* Why truly — I can't tell. Nothing's more frequent than to perform very great Things and not know how, and then we are surpriz'd that we have done 'em. Go ask *Cæsar*, how he made himself Master of the World? perhaps he may pause for an Answer.

A. Bul. You make a glorious Comparison!

Dutch. of *Val.* 'Tis a just one. To inspire Love at my Age I stood in need of as surprizing a Fortune as that of *Cæsar*. The best on't is, that to those who have accomplish'd such extraordinary things as he and I, the World never fails afterwards to attribute most infallible Designs and Secrets, and to do 'em more Honour than perhaps they ever deserv'd.

DIALOGUE XII.

Fernando Cortez *and* Montezuma.

F. C O R T E Z.

COnfess the Truth. You were very stupid, you *Americans*, when you imagin'd the *Spaniards* were descended from the Region of Fire, because of their Cannon, and thought their Ships vast Birds that flew upon the Sea.

Montez. I grant it.—— But I wou'd be glad to know whether the *Athenians* were a polite People?

F. Cort. How! —— why 'tis they have been the great Masters of Politeness to the rest of Mankind.

Montez. Very well. And what d'ye think of the Stratagem by which the Tyrant *Pisistratus* regain'd the Citadel of *Athens*, from whence he had been driven out? Did not he dress up a Woman in the Habit of *Minerva*, who, they say, was the Guardian Goddess of *Athens*? Did not he drive over the City in a Chariot with this rare Divinity of his own making, who held him by the Hand, and cry'd out to the *Athenians*, — *Behold! I bring Pisistratus to you, and command you to receive him!*

him! And did not these Originals of Wit and Politeness submit to the Tyrant, in pure Obedience to *Minerva*, who, it seems, had explain'd her Will with her own Mouth?

F.Cort. Who help'd you to this Piece of Scandal about the *Athenians*?

Montez. Oh, since I've been here, I have apply'd my self to learn History, by my Conversations with several of the Dead. In short, I shall make you grant, that the *Athenians* were somewhat greater Bubbles than we. For Example,—we had never seen Ships nor Cannon, but they had seen Women; and when *Pisistratus* undertook to reduce 'em by Means of his Goddess, he shew'd more contemptuous Thoughts of 'em than you did of us in subduing us with your Artillery.

F.Cort. There's no People in the World but may once be trapann'd. They are taken at a Surprise; the Multitude bear along the People of Sense. What shall I say? There concur besides some particular Circumstances which a Man cannot divine, and which perhaps wou'd escape his Observation, tho' he saw 'em.

Montez. But can you say 'twas by Surprise that the *Greeks* always believ'd the Knowledge of Futurity to be inclos'd in a Cave under Ground, from whence it issu'd out in Exhalations? By what Artifice
were

were they made to think, that when the Moon was Eclipse in they cou'd recover her out of her Fits by a hideous Noise? And how chanc'd there was but a very small Party that durst whisper among themselves that she was only obscur'd by the Shadow of the Earth? I say nothing of the *Romans*, and of their inviting the Gods to eat with 'em on their Festival Days; nor of the Holy Chicken, whose Appetites decided every thing in the Capital City of the whole Earth. To conclude, you can't reproach me with one Piece of *American* Folly, which I will not undertake to overmatch in your Countries, and yet I'll engage to bring none into Play but *Greek* Follies or *Roman*.

F. Cort. Notwithstanding these Follies, the *Greeks* and *Romans* invented all Arts and Sciences, of which you have not the least Idea.

Montez. 'Twas our Happiness not to have known there were Sciences in the World, we shou'd not perhaps else have had Prudence enough to forbear being learned. All People are not capable of following the Example of those *Greeks* who took such Pains to preserve themselves from the Contagion of the Sciences of their Neighbours. As for the Arts, *America* found ways to shift without 'em, more wonder-

wonderful perhaps than the *European* Arts themselves. 'Tis easie to compose Histories, when you can write; but we did not know how to write, and yet made Histories. You may make Bridges well enough, when you can build in the Water; but the Difficulty is, to be wholly ignorant of Building, and yet make Bridges. You ought to remember too, that the *Spaniards* found some Riddles in our Country which they were at a Loss to expound; for Example, Stones of a prodigious Magnitude, rais'd to such an amazing Height as they cou'd not conceive possible to be done without Machines. What do you say to all this? I do not see yet that you have very clearly prov'd the Advantages which *Europe* has above *America*.

F. Cort. They are prov'd sufficiently by every thing that distinguishes Politeness from Barbarity. Civility reigns among us, Force and Violence are banish'd; all the Powers are moderated by Justice; all Wars are founded upon lawful Causes; and to shew you how nicely scrupulous we are, we did not move a Step in that Descent upon you, 'till we had critically examin'd whether your Country belong'd to us or no, and decided the Question in our own Favour.

Montez. This doubtless was a Courtesie which we Barbarians cou'd never merit. But I fancy you are just and civil among one another in the same manner as you were scrupulous in Regard to us. Whoever shou'd strip *Europe* of her Formalities, wou'd render her very like *America*. Civility measures all your Steps, dictates all your Speeches, intricates all your Discourses, and perplexes all your Actions, but does not enter into your Hearts; and all the Justice which shou'd be in your Designs, is found only in your Pretexts.

F. Cort. I won't be responsible for Mens Hearts: We see only their Outsides. An Heir that loses a Relation, and gets a considerable Estate, dresses all in Black. Is he afflicted? Not at all, perhaps; however, if he did not dress so, he wou'd violate Reason.

Montez. I know what you wou'd say. 'Tis not Reason governs among you, but she enters her Protest at least that things shou'd go otherwise than they do. That Heirs, for Example, shou'd be sorry for the Loss of their Relations; they admit this Protest, and in Acknowledgment of it they wear Black. Your Formalities serve for nothing but to notifie that she has a Right, which you do not think fit to let her execute. And instead of doing what
is

is reasonable, you only represent what you ought to do.

F. Cort. Is not that a great deal? Reason has so little Power among you, that she cannot so much as substitute any thing in your Actions, that may remind you she ought to be there her self.

Montez. But you call her to Mind as unprofitably as some certain *Greeks*, of whom I've been told here, call'd to Mind their Original. They were settl'd in *Tuscany*, a Country barbarous in their Esteem, and by degrees they had fallen in with its Customs so entirely, as to forget their own. They felt however I know not what Regret that they were become Barbarians, and on a certain Day they assembl'd annually. They read in *Greek* their ancient Laws, which they no longer observ'd, and by that time scarce understood: They wept, then separated; and at their Departure, with Pleasure re-assum'd the Ways of living which were customary to the Place. Their Case was the same with respect to the *Grecian* Laws, as yours with respect to Reason. They knew these Laws were in being, and they spoke of 'em, but slightly however, and without Effect; yet they express'd some Regret about 'em: But for Reason, whom you have abandon'd, you have no Regret at all; you have, it seems,

got the Habit of knowing and despising her.

F. Cort. However, in knowing her better, People are at least more in a Condition to follow her.

Montez. 'Tis only in this Particular then that we'll yield you the Advantage. Alas! that we happen'd to have no Ships to go and discover your Lands, and that we had not determin'd that they belong'd to us! We shou'd have had, at least, as much Right to conquer 'em, as you had to conquer ours.

End of Fontenelle's Dialogues.

TWO NEW
DIALOGUES

Written in the Manner of
Monfieur Fontenelle.

DIALOGUE I.

Lucius Junius Brutus *and* Augustus
Cæsar.

That the greatest Characters may be criticis'd.

DIALOGUE II.

Empedocles *and* Lucilio Vanini.

*Of the Multitudes that have been Martyrs
to Folly.*

TWO NEW

DICTIONARIES

OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

MONSIEUR FORTIN

DICTIONAIRE

DE LA LANGUE FRANÇOISE

PAR M. L'ABBÉ DE LA PIERRE

DICTIONAIRE

UNIVERSIEL DE LA LANGUE FRANÇOISE

PAR M. L'ABBÉ DE LA PIERRE

DIALOGUES

In the Manner of

Monfieur *Fontenelle*.

DIALOGUE I.

Lucius Junius Brutus *the first Consul,*
and Augustus Cæsar.

AUG. CÆSAR.

INdeed I have often admir'd at your ingenious Artifice, and how a Soul so great as yours, and labouring with such vast Designs of future Glory, cou'd lye so long conceal'd under the Masque of

O 4

Folly,

Folly, and assume a Dress so contrary to it self.

Brutus. Alas! Is Folly so hard to be imitated? By what I've learn'd here below of the History of your Time, your Politicks were of a much finer Turn, your Designs more artfully cover'd, and you shew'd your self a far greater Master of Dissimulation.

Aug. What do you mean?

Brutus. Why this——As I assum'd the Outside of a Fool, so you did that of an honest Man; if I had not play'd the Natural to avoid Suspicion, I cou'd never have gain'd an Opportunity for establishing my Country's Liberties; if you had not acted the Patriot, you cou'd never have destroy'd 'em. The first gain'd me the Name of *Brute*, the latter procur'd you that of *Father of your Country*.

Aug. Do you think then my Love to my Country was but Masquerade?

Brutus. No more; for under it you conceal'd the most crafty Ambition imaginable. Your Uncle *Julius* was a subtle Politician, but he grasp'd at Power too fast; his Passion for Empire appear'd too open, and hurry'd him into Excesses that cost him his Life,

Aug.

Aug. True. And therefore I was more humble; and avoiding his Mistakes, I generously sacrific'd all my Cares and Designs to the Publick Good.

Brutus. You gave but ill Marks of your Temper and Principles when you engag'd in that bloody *Triumvirate*, and sign'd Proscriptions for murdering so many of the best Citizens in *Rome*. Was this a Sacrifice to the publick Good?

Aug. I was over-rul'd by my Associates, who betray'd my Youth into Actions very different from my Temper, and this appears in the Instance of *Cicero's* Death, which I did my utmost to prevent, but *Anthony's* Malice prevail'd, and I was out-voted. Besides, I repented of those harsh Proceedings, and endeavour'd to make Satisfaction to my Country afterwards.

Brutus. You check'd your Temper indeed, and refin'd your Politicks; for having form'd a Scheme of absolute Power, and fallen in Love with the charming Idea, you found it necessary to amend your Manners, in order to accomplish your Designs.

Aug. Am I to blame for endeavouring to deserve my Country's Esteem? I extorted no Honours from her, and cou'd I refuse

fuse those she heap'd upon me? When my Authority encreas'd, 'twas with the Inclination of the People, and I was but barely consenting to my own Greatness.

Brutus. Very modest, I confess! But this was after you had found the Secret of making 'em give without your asking. Alas! Men are like Children, that are forward and obstinate when rough means are us'd, and unwilling to part with the idlest Play-thing; but a little Flattery loosens their Hold, and draws from 'em their most valuable Possessions. Besides, let me tell you, the Consent of the People does not excuse you; Liberty is a Possession they ought not to part with, and what had you to do to accept of a Present to which they cou'd make you no good Title?

Aug. I honour you, reverend *Brutus*! and am well enough pleas'd to see you grow warm upon the Subject of Liberty. But if you have been rightly inform'd of my History, you must needs know, that after I saw my self Lord and Governor of the *Roman* Empire, I went into the Senate, and offer'd to resign all, and restore the People to their ancient Constitution.

Brutus.

Brutus. Yes—when you knew 'twas too late, and when you had prepar'd your Creatures there to oppose it. 'Twas a pretty Stratagem to try their Temper, and to get your own Authority confirm'd. Yet the Disguise was but thin, for half the Senate saw thro' it, but durst not speak their Minds.

Aug. I find you will not forgive me for changing the Model of a Government which you had first fram'd. But where was the ill Consequence? Was not the *Roman* Liberty safe in my Hands, and did I not approve my self a faithful Trustee.

Brutus. You did—for I will give you your due; but what a Company of Mad-men succeeded to the Charge! Besides, let us trace you to the last Scene, and see, after so excellent a Reign, how you behav'd your self at your Death. 'Twas then it seems you had a Frolick to have your pale hollow Checks smooth'd, your Dress adjusted, to call for a Looking-glass, and curl your Hair, in imitation of the Players upon the Theatre; you ask'd your Friends if you had not play'd your Part well, and when they answer'd Yes, you cry'd *Plaudite!* and so expir'd. As if all the good Actions of your Life had been an assum'd Part, like that of a Mock-Hero
in

in a Play, for the sake of a mean Reward, or the vain Satisfaction of a little Applause.

Aug. You are too critical; — But now that I may question you a little — pray what part of your Character do you value your self most upon?

Brutus. That of a true Patriot, and an impartial Judge.

Aug. Yet I'm mistaken if you have born these worthy Titles free from all Censure.

Brutus. I shall be glad to know my Failings.

Aug. First then it may be said, your playing the Ideot was but a poor shift to save your Life, and gain an Opportunity of Revenge on *Tarquin*, for his persecuting your Family, and depriving you of your Estate; 'twas a Happiness indeed to *Rome*, that this was not to be effected but by extirpating the Tyrant and his Race, and settling the City in Liberty; but one may question whether 'twas not private Resentment, more than a Sense of your Country's Wrongs, that first gave Motion to this great Revolution.

Brutus. Proceed! for I reflect upon my past Life without Prejudice, and will readily own my Errors; I was not partial to my
Sons

Sons when I liv'd, nor will I now be partial to my self.

Aug. That Behaviour to your Sons is really the worst Part of your History.

Brutus. How!—Cou'd any thing be more glorious than to ascend the Tribunal, and sit in Judgment on my own Offspring? To adhere to the Dictates of Reason, and in spite of the soft Remonstrances of Nature, the foolish Mercy of my Colleague, the Cries of the Offenders, and the weeping Eyes of the Multitude pleading in their Behalf, in spite of this, I say, to look with Unconcern on their bloody Stripes, and with unshaken Constancy behold their beheading, and then withdraw, leaving the World amaz'd at such an unparallel'd Example of a Father's Justice?

Aug. Talk no more of my Proscriptions, for here's a Fierceness that exceeds 'em all! What Father was ever expected, after Sentence given upon his Sons, to stay and feed his Savage Eyes with their Execution? What was all this but an extravagant Strain of horrid Severity, occasion'd by Excess of Pride, and the immoderate Desire of being thought something more than Human?

Brutus.

Brutus. Thus then every thing has a doubtful Interpretation, and the greatest Deeds in the World may be construd to be the Product of Vanity and Ambition.

Aug. The best of Men are not disinterested; they have a great many By-ends and conceal'd Designs. Their boasted Services to their Country are often but a Sacrifice to their own Pleasures and Passions; and if they freely open'd their Hearts, as I did in my last Minute, not the modestest Hero upon Earth wou'd leave the Stage without crying *PLAUDITE*.

D I A-

DIALOGUE II.

Empedocles *and* Lucilio Vanini.

L. VANINI.

IS your Name *Empedocles*?

Empe. Yes; Why d'ye ask?

Van. Because I'm a-kin to you; were not you the Hair-brain'd Philosopher of *Agrigentum*?

Empe. Philosophy was my Profession: But pray who are you, and how comes the Kindred?

Van. You wou'd not ask if you knew my Story; I'm related to you in Folly.

Empe. Is that all?—Upon the same score all the People on Earth may claim Kindred too, unless the World's mightily alter'd since my Time.

Van. Ay, but People are so proud there they won't own the Relation. Besides, you and I are something nearer of Kin than you imagine; we were each, in our Time, the greatest Madmen living, and yet thought all the World Mad but our selves. Our Deaths too were alike, for we took care to make our Names Immortal, and to record our selves Fools to all Posterity.

Empe.

Empe. Methinks you are very free with your Kindred; but you shall make out the Alliance a little clearer, before I will have any thing to say to you.

Van. Nay, perhaps, after all, I may be mistaken, and then I'll beg your Pardon. We had a Story of you when I was above Ground, that you were a proud whimsical Fellow, and that once upon a time (for your Diversion) you took a Freak into the Jaws of *Ætna*, and never came out again. But an honest Fellow that has written your Life * tells us, there were various Reports of this Matter. Some said you were only making some Philosophical Observations about the Mountain, and thought no harm, but that you dropp'd in unawares, and paid for your peeping; others, that you fell into the Sea and were drown'd. But the most general Report was, that you leap'd into that fiery Cavern, that no body might know what was become of you, in hopes that your Superstitious Countrymen wou'd take you for a God, 'till your Iron Shooes, that were thrown up by the Flame, betray'd you.

Empe. How's that? Were my Iron Shooes found afterwards?

Van. So that Writer says.

Empe.

* Diogenes Laertius.

Empe. O *Ætna! Ætna!* — Then have I endur'd a Broiling to a fine Purpose! Why, I thought they wou'd presently have fallen to building Temples, and that the whole Island wou'd have smok'd with a hundred Altars to *EMPEDOCLES THE TUTELAR GOD OF SICILY.*

Van. A pretty Fancy! Did you never hear the Fable?

Empe. What?

Van. A proud speckl'd Toad, that had liv'd in Ease and Luxury, was crawling thro' a Meadow where an Ox was feeding; she looks with Envy on his prodigious Bulk, and wishes to be as big as he; at least, says she, I'll know why I can't. And so began to swell, 'till she burst with her Pride, and had the Reward of her Folly.

Empe. What an unhappy Wretch was I, that never thought of this Fable! It might have sav'd me my Life.

Van. I question it; for when a Man's running from his Wits, all the Fables in the World can't stop him.

Empe. 'Tis some Comfort however, to think that, this, was not my Case alone. How many Princes have lost their Crowns upon the same Score, and stretching to be equal with Gods, have made themselves less than Men? But you said your Death

resembl'd mine; pray did you affect to be a God too?

Van. No; I affected to be a new Philosopher; but I found that Discoveries were difficult, Reason was a troublesome Instrument to manage, and Truth made little Noise. Therefore I took a shorter Way, and since 'tis easier to destroy than to build, I set my self to batter down the most sacred Truths in the World, and, like him that fir'd the Temple at *Ephesus*, propos'd to my self a Name out of the Ruins of Religion and Morality.

Empe. A very wise Project! How durst you hope for Success?

Van. Easily. I had all the Vices of Mankind of my Party. Besides, I varnish'd over my Principles with the specious Name of Philosophy. I set out from *Naples*, and began to teach in *France*, but the Magistrates at *Tholouse* soon stopp'd my Progress, and having convicted me of Atheism, caus'd me to be burn'd.

Emp. How!—Methinks you might had the Wit to have prevented that. Well, I'll own you for my Relation now, and am convinc'd you were the greater Fool of the two. What, cou'd not you have dissembl'd a little, and by a feign'd Recantation have avoided Death?

Van.

Van. Yes—— But Obstinacy supply'd
the Place of Conscience, and wou'd not
let me.

Empe. Alas! thro' what strange Glasses
have we look'd upon the World! We
thought to have made our selves admir'd,
by Actions, for which our Names are be-
come a Laughter and a Detestation. Who
that reads our Story, will believe Mankind
is viciously fond of Life, when he finds
they can part with it, upon the worst and
most unnecessary Occasions?

Van. Yet thus it fares with thousands
who sacrifice themselves to a false Fame,
who pay the Price, yet lose the Pur-
chase. What an amazing Prospect wou'd
it afford to trace History from the Begin-
ning of Time, and see what infinite Num-
bers have been Martyrs to Folly!

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